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MACLEAN'S

JAN.
22nd
2007

CANADA'S
MAGAZINE
OF THE
YEAR

INSIDE A POLITICAL MARRIAGE

Stéphane Dion's wife picks his clothes, manages the money, and advises him on policy. Meet Ottawa's new power couple. P.26



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'Whether or not the RCMP concocted a dog massacre, the Inuit felt that they had'

YALSAIT' KIDS

YOUR PICTURE of a young girl in a tank top and a mini skirt truly caught my eye. "Why does this one daughter like diamonds?" (Civic Jan. 1) And your interview with author Colin Russell took up what I've been arguing ever since I read his first book, wouldn't it be redundant to wear a shirt that says "Russell makes the connection between appropriate fashion and songs like Nelly Furtado's *Promiscuous*." I am 20. As a nine-year-old listening to the Spice Girls' song *Naila*, I had an idea what the lyrics meant. The majority of kids just like the music and being part of the pop culture scene. That's also why they gravitate toward the clothing. Still, I hope a few parenting trends change before I have to deal with "Tulsi" and "Jacy" children of my own.

Melny-Capp, Orinda, Calif.

A MORE PASSIONATE questioner would be, why would we refer to our daughters as skanks? After all, clothes don't make anyone a slut. If we are to appeal to young girls, we should focus their energy and attention on elements that are valuable to them rather than on their intellectual growth or on being physically fit. It is a worth wondering why adult women are encouraged and very often expected to do the same. Considering the indignities and pressures against being somewhat skanky of young girls to push products and grow at profits, the cover photo you chose is not answering one. "Made you look" indeed.

Kathleen Hopkins, Calgary

I FOUND the interview to be exceedingly agreeable and understanding. It treats young people like thoughtful adherents to pop culture, and a predominantly one-sided. At no, I say the sexual liberation of young people is long overdue, and I welcome the end of our anorexic, maniacal, so-called family values that imprison young women in civility and make them ashamed of their bodies.

Kevin Brachner, Toronto

ON ONE OPINION, the mail jays are those who dress up and make the safe and doing. It is the ones who, at whatever the cost, are determined to enlarge their head of consumers. This is where parents should direct their ire, if they hoped the official press, we would soon see a change in

what reaches the radio. Furthermore, you should take the opportunity to say "No" to an important lesson for children to learn that they can't have everything they ask for. Jane and Ralph Meyer, Scotch, B.C.

ALMOST ALL the clothing you see on young girls is screaming, "Come take me, I am yours." I have to go further on Russell's comment about attracting parents at the mall, and say that almost anyone who even looks at the constant barrage of advertisements being thrown at him- or her- is in danger of coming to be a jerk.

Narcissus Magazine, Surrey, B.C.



HEY, DAVID, tell your daughter how beautiful they are and take the time to listen to them. It may be possible to keep them from dressing themselves in skanks. This dress code screams "help." It began because we paid more attention to clapping our ears to the top and improving our golf swings. Later in '96, Maclean said we didn't measure up. A good New Year's resolution for us would be to start taking care of our families.

Paul Dunning, Orangeville, Ont.

INSIDE THE GULLIBILITY of parents and the money to be made by sexually exploiting children, there is another lesson, more serious problem: the million of sex. It is a perfectly noble human function with a specific use of protecting and propagating species. That goes for all living things. Why then do we tell our children when they want to know

where they come from? Children know when parents are embarrassed to tell them the truth. Is it any wonder that they trust us with discretion? This skank business is not just scandalous exploitation, it is a sign that we live a great big lie and that we will sell our moral values for money any time.

Gillian Davis, Drumheller, Alta.

OUR JAN. 1 issue of Maclean's magazine was lying on our living room coffee table. Our five-year-old daughter came in after having a bath and asked to wear a T-shirt, party hose and a skirt. I asked her why these clothes in the middle of a Saskatchewan winter. She pointed to the magazine cover and said, "I want to look like her."

Len Winder Thorne, Saskatoon, Sask.

Due to a technical malfunction, a few lines from Lianne George's letter were dropped, and a few lines were repeated. I apologize for the glitch. The complete letter appears on our website.

DOGGED PURSUIT

I AM FAMILIAR by the presentation of RCMP mail investigations at work and from shared accounts by Inuit in fiction in Peter Skene Taylor's simile about the death of dogs in the Arctic from 1949 to 1970 ("The myth of the sled dog killings," *National*, Jan. 1). Here is a such a young dog that never lived against which history, your sunny image of a healthy dog and quotes throughout the article add veracity to RCMP findings in their own report of a full conviction. Whether or not the Maclean's concocted a dog massacre, they did leave the issue feeling that they had. Addressing this cultural divide would seem more important than producing 750 taxpayer-sponsored pages that do nothing but try to clear their name. If there is an interest in getting to the bottom of this issue, and in building sound cross-cultural relationships, then an independent investigation is warranted.

Martin Snick, Peterborough, Ont.

JUSTIN TIME

I WANT JUST READ your story on Justin Trudeau and his plans to run for the Liberal party in the next election ("His name's out," *National*, Jan. 1). I found it made and made sense. Sitting very comfortably into the general attitude of Maclean's to any pro-



TRUDEAU Justin Trudeau runs for office for much less than his heredity, caution and modesty.

gressive, moderate approach to Canadian politics. I understand that you have no interest in developing a relationship among those on the political left. It is safe to say that you have a little interest in attracting readers who are of a certain disposition.

John Carrick, Scarborough, Ont.

TELL US SOMETHING we didn't already know. Justin. Your decision to run for office was inevitable. Like a Clinton or a Kennedy, there was something magical about your last name. Your challenge now is to rise above your heredity and let us see you in a new light.

Jim Newson, New Thunder, Ont.

HOUSE SHOPPING

THANK YOU for the revealing article about the backdoor to selling real estate commissions ("Money for mortgage, here's sign for free," *Business*, Jan. 1). For me, it is a pity I've been thinking of selling my home on the Muskoka River for about a year. In that time, I've had a parade of agents, all of them looking for about a quarter cent selling fee. They have told me they'll pay me anything from \$10,000 to \$100,000, depending on their selling goals. What a bunch of bloody richards! While the government will continue to play their game, I've had it with them.

Bruce Littlefield, Brockbridge, Ont.

THIS ARTICLE on real estate commissions is skewed and misinformed. Your writer (Shelly Sanders) has gone after the story she wanted to tell, rather than the facts. First of all, the "skewed" real estate commissions the mentioned are limited to a few select places in Canada. Secondly, during boom times as real estate, real estate companies emerge. During economic downturns and downturns, these same companies are the first to disappear. The Canadian real estate sales system is one

DETERMINATION, SKILL AND A VERY BIG DICTIONARY.



Eight aspiring students go for the glory of becoming the National Spelling Bee champion.

CBC NEWS: THE PASSIONATE EYE SPELLBOUND

Sunday, January 14 at 10pm ET/PT



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A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

On Friday, he was sworn in for a second term as governor of California. He arrived at his inauguration on crutches, after having broken his leg in a ski accident, and proclaimed that "exercise does not mean work." At his post-inaugural luncheon, he thanked his mother-in-law, Eunice Kennedy Shriver, for attending. "She doesn't look a day over 90," he said. She is 85. On Monday, the Governor unveiled a US\$1.2-billion plan to provide universal health care to all Californians.

Good news

He's a green machine

British Columbia's environmentalists were cheered by the mid-Monday of Canada's newly created Environment Minister John Baird. One of his first priorities was touring the devastation of storm-damaged Stanley Park with its thousands of fallen trees. Baird pledged federal aid to help restore the park. He called B.C.'s recent spate of molten rocks "a wake up call," appealing environmentalists and, perhaps, politicians. In a departure from predecessor Russ Arnott, Baird linked the country's bizarre weather this winter to global warming. "It's another reason why we have to act on climate change," he said.

Science fixes science

Just as the U.S. Congress was set to go another round with President George W. Bush over expanding the use of embryonic stem cells in medical research, scientists announced a possible alternative solution. Researchers in North Carolina have managed to extract stem cells from amniotic fluid, and use them to produce various tissue types. The team is theorizing that this new source of cells could potentially be used to help treat victims of diseases such as Alzheimer's without destroying embryos. Meanwhile, scientists in Washington addressed another ethical conundrum from last week: how does one cultivate a perfect lawn without watering it? A team of researchers unveiled a "transgenic" gene that could be used by lawn breeders to create a lawn that keeps its vital green color, even during droughts.

Loonie tunes

With the Ontario economy lagging the rest of the country, the

More bad blood

Nearly one week after his assassination by hanging, Saddam Hussein is still a powerful source of animosity in Iraq. Two of his former lieutenants are set to be executed this week, despite protests from UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon, British Prime Minister Tony Blair and others, who have denounced the deaths, fearing a bloodbath. Saddam's death was carried out. On Monday, a new video depicting the bloodied corpse of the former dictator

Open spaces

"The digital decade," as Bill Gates declared it earlier this week, is truly upon us. According to a new study by the Pew Research Center, more than half of all U.S. teens, ages 13-17, use social networking sites like MySpace and Facebook. Unfortunately, the study also found that only one-third of those youths say they restrict access to their personal information—which means that roughly 10 percent of all teenagers display their private lives online for any stranger to peruse.

We're shocked

Despite a persistent campaign against Tiger pants by Amnesty International, which claims the devices are responsible for dozens of deaths every year in Canada and the U.S., Tiger has unveiled a smaller, more up-to-date "mini" model. The new pun pants will be available in pink, blue, black and silver, and are designed to stop athletes from tripping or slipping in an embarrassing fall of embarrassment. The mini Tiger will provide "a safe, effective means of personal protection," said company chairman Tim Smith. Then again, so would a mat. ■

Hex and the city

In the past week, a number of skyscrapers have ultimately been torn down, leaving a trail of rubble. On Monday, Manhattan and parts of New Jersey were hit with a strange "gas-like" odour, forcing officials to evacuate buildings

FACE OF THE WEEK



INDIANA STATE SENATOR Sue Ferguson addresses the media this morning after being violently robbed by two men in Indianapolis.

Titanic expectations

Celine Dion has announced she will leave her US\$100 million gig at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas this December after almost five years. For now, this means not having to travel to Nevada to see her perform. For donations—at least she won't spoil their next trip to Vegas. James Cameron, the Canadian director of *Titanic*, whose theme song, My Heart Will Go On, made Dion a global star, is set to make his directorial comeback with *Avatar*, a US\$190 million sci-fi adventure due in 2009. No word on whether Dion will sing on the soundtrack.

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MITCHEL RAPHAEL ON ELIZABETH MAY'S HUMAN DISHWASHER AND BAIRD'S HAIRSPRAY RECORD

NEW ENVIRONMENT MINISTER AND THE GREEN DOOR

After being president of the Treasury Board John Baird was appointed environment minister. He had to not only glow up through the major briefing blunders on his new portfolio. He was thus forced to put down the book he had been reading over the break. The *Way It Works Inside Obama* by



Edie Goldring, one of Jean Chretien's top ministers (Baird only got to page 96.) While the new environment minister has yet to see Al Gore's film, an environment freak, he does have five recycling boxes at his residence. Recycling in Canada's capital takes an average of paper and cardboard one week and plastic and glass six weeks. The MP for Ottawa West-Nippon has extra boxes in case he misses a collection day and has a four-week accumulation. The Tory who has energy efficiency bills in his home, a dishwasher set on a timer to avoid peak hours of energy consumption, and a timed thermostat. And while he doesn't own



ELIZABETH MAY at her party. (Right) dishwasher. (Inset) the Sunlight angel and May's daughter, Victoria Cate

Baird's eco-chic, he does own a pair of Benetton's. Baird says he has never used a dishwasher, even when it was all the rage in the '90s. He has never even seen the national *Main* party. For the past 10 years, Baird has been a vegetarian and has been spotted grabbing salmon from the Green Door restaurant's mostly organic and predominantly wheat-free, soy-free buffet. Coincidentally, NDP leader Jack Layton also ate at the Green Door when in Ottawa, although he tends to eat out. It is probably not a coincidence that Stephen Harper and the Blue Party took the current break (he looks forward to working with the NDP on the Clean Air Act, not that the newly appointed environment minister is saying he likes working with the NDP) and gives credit to the party's Whips and MP Pat Martin for helping pass the Accountability Act. Perhaps the day of the country's environment will soon be

discussed over the Green Door's freshly baked yeast-free bread.

PURPLE HAIR AT A VERY GREEN PARTY

The smoked salmon was wild, the chopped egg was from free-range chickens, and the corn chips were organic at Green Party leader Elizabeth May's Christmas bash at her Ottawa home. The annual event is always held on Jan. 6, Epiphany. There were no plastic or paper cups at the party, so drinking vessels had to be washed frequently. On hand at the table was Ian Stukowich. How did he land there? He's the fiancé of a woman who was a member of the Green Club back when Elizabeth May was its executive director. It was that kind of party. Members from all of the other political parties were there, including Liberal environment critic John Godfrey (Don Valley

West) and NDP MP Paul Dewar (Ottawa Centre). Also present was the comedian for *Equal Marriage's* Laurie Ann, who is now the Green Party's new executive director. He says the gay marriage issue is a difficult one and that the lobby group he represented just has to pay its own phone bill and then they can officially close everything down. May's daughter Victoria Cate was sporting freshly dyed purple hair that night, apparently May did not want it had to be gone. At midnight, guests dismantled May's Christmas tree and took it out front for



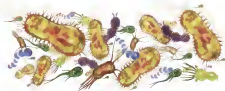
the trash pickup. Spread in May's laundry area was a bottle of EcoPower ecological laundry wash and, surprisingly, several bottles of Tide. May says the commercial detergent belongs to her mother and that she is working on him. But what about the Green leader's Sunlight dishwashing liquid bottle? It's been empty for quite some time. It was used to make the angel on top of Christmas tree. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Ottawa pictures or to contact Mitchell Raphael, visit www.mitchellraphael.com/mitchraphael

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MR. GREEN: JOHN BAIRD

Welcome to Harper's new world of virtual politics



PAUL WELLS

Politics and journalism are both about how we talk to one another. Changes in the news business, driven by technology, are obvious and undeniable. Changes to politics will not be far behind. On Jan. 23, a new online Washington news operation, Politics, will go live. This is no fly-by-night operation: Its backers have bankrolled a big staff, busy with veteran Washington reporters. The *Wall Street Journal* just launched its own set of daily news coverage, in print, to the *Wall Street Journal* online. *Today's Daily Telegraph* has implemented three daily deadlines for digital content. Most of the journalists we've heard lately at Macdonald's work for our web site, where ad revenues, still modest, are growing more quickly than ad revenues for the print edition.

That's how for-profit organizations cope with an environment in which growing segments of the audience are reluctant either to pay or to watch news. Free consumer newspapers enlarge big-city suburbs where content is not obviously worth a few quarters' leverage. YouTube destroyed a political career last autumn when the online video site became the place to see footage of the Virginia Republican senator George Allen tossing a boomerang multi-"mamma"—at a Democratic campaign worker of East Indian descent.

Editors' debates about whether to show video of Saddam Hussein's hangings were milder than the MTV show's. More images on MTV don't mean the live news broadcasts. MySpace does. When someone's heard a comment, even in Mumbai last summer, the *Times of India's* first act wasn't to publish photos but to ask readers to send in their cellphone pictures. All of these are signs of a shift of power, influence and choice from news gatekeepers to consumers. We'll find a good laugh a few weeks ago when *Time* magazine decided "the" man of the Person of

the Year for 2006, but there was much snafu and considerable worry in *Time's* choice.

Politics is coming to terms with the new rules too. With the rise of bloggers and video-sharing services like YouTube, it's harder to shut out unwanted conversation. In the new world, on *fact* is necessarily *slow*, because a blogger mumbles across it, he can put it before a larger audience. No reporter's decision that "this isn't a story" is necessarily final. If a newspaper wants to cover an opposition

postings, in French, to that audience for as long as they put up with one. Others will join YouTube campaigns, also using desktop editing tools. Still others will organize campaigns without *any* blog sites or send readers text messages to Quebec phone numbers. Our own, *sen*, Bonaldi's (or Jean Charest's) ability to shut us out of what will inevitably be a pretty chaotic campaign, *sen*.

Politicians are still figuring out how to operate in a world where traditional news



In the next campaign, the PM wants to use the Web to make the old media irrelevant

MPs claim of government wrangling, he can simply talk into a webcam, post it to YouTube, and email the link to 500 people.

Perhaps an important, the marginal cost of political discourse is zero: you no longer need a TV studio, a writing room and an ad budget to have your say. The debate over whether Quebec should be recognized as a "minority" began, in earnest, five weeks before December's Liberal leadership convention. A Vancouver university student, Jennifer Galey, produced a short video reminding everyone of Pierre Trudeau's opposition to Quebec nationalism and posted it on YouTube. By the time they got to the convention, hundreds of delegates had seen Galey's video. Producing it didn't cost her a dime.

That's important. Federal election spending isn't—and Quebec's Reformers, especially, have been spreading by organizations, on the assumption that you need to spend to have a voice. Those days are gone. If André Bonaldi becomes premier of Quebec and drops the writ for a provincial referendum on a Monday morning, by midnight Monday TV sites a Myspace account and add every Myspace member in Quebec as a friend. Then I'll start filing blog

organizations have lost their monopoly. Stephen Harper thinks about this all the time. That's why he offers links to information to selected bloggers, and why I'm told the clip going service in the Prime Minister's Office provides Harper's hand with daily transcripts of seven radio shows from coast to coast—but no thing from the *Globe and Mail*.

During the 2004 election, Harper said his staff will be needed to host a phone-in of responses around with him. By now he will have figured out an answer: an airplane is a handy place to put up microphones. The real campaign will be elsewhere. Harper will feed the press pack an event in the morning and another after lunch, then search for hours at a time to show Web site, give interviews to local, ethnic and online publications, appear directly on appeal to carefully identified donors of the Conservative vote bank, and otherwise talk, right past us, as you, as some of you. The changing media landscape opens up both danger and opportunity for politicians. But the biggest danger would be in ignoring what's going on. ■

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showed that they reduced heart attacks by 21% in men and 34% in women.*

Fighting Cancer

In Canada, some of the most common types of cancer are colorectal, prostate, and breast. Colorectal cancer is the second leading cause of cancer death, affecting one in 14 men, and one in 16 women in their lifetime.¹

Prostate cancer affects as many as one in seven men as they age. And what's worse, the rates of incidence continue to rise each year.² One in nine women will develop breast cancer in their lifetime, and one in 27 will die from it.³

Given the high prevalence of these cancers, it's good to know that certain nutrients help fight these diseases. In particular, researchers believe that an adequate intake of vitamin D, folic acid, lycopene, and selenium is important for cancer prevention.⁴

An adequate intake of vitamin D has been associated with a 30% reduction in the risk of colorectal cancer.⁵ Both selenium and lycopene have been shown to lower the risk of prostate cancer, with selenium reducing it by as much as 63%.^{6,7} And folic acid is linked to a reduction in the incidence of both colon and breast cancer.^{8,9}

Warding off Bone Disease

When it comes to healthy bones, most people know that getting enough calcium is important. But vitamin D also plays a role in maintaining strong

bones and preventing osteoporosis – a disease characterized by low bone mass and a susceptibility to fractures.¹⁰ Vitamin D helps the body absorb and use calcium, and is vital to the maintenance of bone density. Most Canadians, however, have a vitamin D deficiency. Exposure to sunlight helps our bodies make vitamin D, but during winter months sunlight is reduced, which limits the production of this important vitamin.

Maintaining Healthy Eyes

Scientists have discovered that certain antioxidants are key to the prevention of eye disease, particularly cataracts and age-related macular degeneration (AMD). AMD is a disease associated with aging that gradually destroys sharp, central vision. AMD affects approximately 2.1 million Canadians, and is responsible for most cases of severe vision loss in people over 50.¹¹

The antioxidant lutein has been shown to reduce the risk for both AMD and cataracts.^{12,13} Its already present in our eyes, but can't be manufactured and replenished by the body. Moreover, the five-year risk for cataracts was 40% lower in people who took vitamin C and E supplements for 10 years or longer.¹⁴

The Bottom Line on Vitamins

The growing evidence from research into nutrients and their effect on our long-term health suggests that its important for almost everyone to seriously consider taking a multivitamin as part of an overall approach to a healthier life.

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Vitamin D, folic acid	Breast
Selenium, lycopene, vitamin E	Prostate
Vitamin D, folic acid, selenium	Colon
Calcium, vitamin D	Bones



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It's true that regular exercise and a balanced diet play an important role in good health. But an article published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*¹⁵ concluded that most people don't get the nutrients they need from diet alone, and that a poor vitamin intake can be a risk factor for chronic diseases.

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*Fletcher RH, Ford RD, Kistner EE. Vitamin for Chronic Disease Prevention in Adults. JAMA. 2002;287:2137-2028.



An article published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* concluded that most of us already know: most people don't get the nutrients they need from diet, and that a poor vitamin intake can be a risk factor for certain chronic diseases.¹⁵

But what's also been confirmed by recent studies is that specific nutrients appear to be linked to the prevention of certain diseases – particularly cardiovascular disease, cancer, osteoporosis, and even eye diseases such as macular degeneration and cataracts.

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Although regular exercise and a balanced diet play a significant role in a healthy heart, specific nutrients have emerged as true "heart health heroes," such as lycopene, vitamin B6, B12, and folic acid.

Cardiovascular disease is the main cause of death among Canadians. Fortunately, studies have shown that lycopene – a powerful antioxidant that neutralizes the damage of free radicals in our body – can help reduce the risk.¹⁶ In addition, vitamins B6, B12, and folic acid have been found to significantly reduce high homocysteine levels in the blood, which is believed to be a risk factor for cardiovascular disease.¹⁷

As one final bit of proof in support of a daily multivitamin, a recent Swedish study

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Thank you for your book, Josephine Hart



BARBARA AMIEL

Novelist Josephine Hart has just published a collection of poems from eight of the best poets in the English language, with introductory essays written by her putting their work in context. That sounds rather ordinary, but

it's nothing of the sort. At the back of the book is a CD of some of the poems read by various actors. The book's title is *Goshing Left by the Throat*, which is precisely what it does. If only all poetry books could come with a CD so that one could hear the words while reading them. I've scoffed at the pretension of those music lovers who turn up for a concert with the score in their lap. Now I understand. You get the most out of a poem when "hearing" and reading it simultaneously, sometimes accompanied by a second voice: the reader will make of it a world.

I had never thought much of Marianne Moore's or Sylvia Plath's poetry, possibly because I didn't like most of the people who did like it, but then I listened to Elizabeth Meehan reading Moore's "Silence" and Robert Lowell reading Plath's "Mosses," and all resistance was overcome. Hearing two old friends—let alone their reading Philip Larkin—was near perfect: a synthesis of sound and meaning as I've ever heard. It's curious to me how many of the people in the literary arts world hold such political views that are from another planet than mine, while in this one realm—where Hart calls the land of "word" people—we share everything.

Poetry begins at universal language and thus becomes inaccessible to some. Poets have no difficulty with it. The first lines I heard were from a Russian lullaby: "Ips adormire me primarily"—sleep my lovely child! The lines are also sung in the first movement of Tchaikovsky's opera *Motet* by the madwoman rocking the blood-soaked corpse of her slain lover, thinking not to be her baby. Whether my grandpa was drinking of

this bloody battle scene I can't say, like loud opera and the poetry of Pushkin on which *Motet* was based. As he sang to me, German bombs were falling nearby, so the connection with death is not too far-fetched. More likely she was simply cooing one of the traditional poems Russian grandmothers sing to crying babies. The words flowed so easily in my memory to become my first language and first poetry.

But children's poetry is not all music, more often it's a very gleeful forerunner into the darker side of imagination. Even Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* has sinister moments. There's the presence of *Stearns and Dargatzis* in every poem like "Windy Night," with its opening verse: "Whenever the wind is high, / All night long in the dark and wet, / A man goes rubbing by."

By 12 years of age, almost

I had never thought much of Plath's poetry, maybe because I didn't like those who liked it

everyone has tried to write a poem. This seems to be a ritual of growing up and is usually a terrible mistake. Good poetry is a flash of lightning in life's pitch black. Good poets can be this way—white-hot brilliance for a brief few years or one soaring moment of rap rare in a very ordinary body of work. Walter Sanger Lardie had books and songs piled, but it was only at 74 that finally he wrote the four lines that were to make his mark as a poet. *I strive with none, for none was worth my strife / Nature I loved and, sure, Nature, Am / I would not balk hands before the fire of life / I think, and I am ready to depart.*

Poets the young-on, rather, younger than novelists or playwrights—which some claim as a mark of the stress and loneliness of their vocation. Arthur Rimbaud died at 37, having stopped writing his verse at 22. John Keats died at 25, his immortality popularized by the line "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Shelley drowned before he was 30 after he had written "Ozymandias" and *Swiss Alps* (his last words, the night lines of poetry can be written in drowned poems). "I'm not in down when all ladders start," wrote T.S. Eliot, "in the fool rag and bone shop of the heart." The great poets walk around diagnosed in rita

early mental distress but with a lightness here to the moment in their back pocket. Because I could not stop for Death / My kind /ly stopped for me, wrote Emily Dickinson, though it wasn't until after she died that any one knew the New England spinner with

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Yeats, Eliot, Dickinson, Plath



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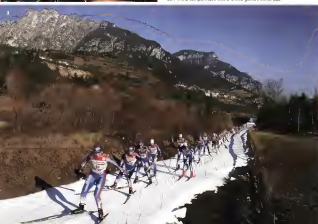
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ALAN SONNETTY / PICTURESCIENCE; PHOTOGRAPHY; ARTISTBYWORDS



WHERE DID THE WINTER GO?

Climate scientists in Britain think 2007 will be the hottest year on earth since records have been kept. One of the hottest years on record here occurred in the past 11 years.

1. A young man rides his jet ski in the port area of Montreal.
2. With temperatures in the low 20s, two men sit on the Coney Island beach in New York City.
3. Skiers compete during the women's 4 World Cup 10-km cross-country race in Val di Fiemme, Italy.
4. A girl from the Dominican Republic wears a tank top while ice skating at New York's Rockefeller Center.
5. A snowblower is for sale on a resident's lawn in Brockville, Ont.
6. Typically, the world's longest skating rink at this time of the year, the Rideau Canal in Ottawa remains unfrozen.
7. A cherry blossom tree at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.
8. This golf course in Alexandria, P.E.I., should be snow-covered, but on Jan. 7 the temperature was 6°C and golfers came out.





'We were losing the Civil War. Lincoln kept firing generals until he found one who understood what total victory was.'

GEN. JACK KEANE TALKS TO LUIZA CH. SAVAGE ABOUT THE WISDOM OF A TROOP SURGE IN IRAQ, AND THE PARALLEL BETWEEN BUSH AND LINCOLN

Retired Gen. Jack Keane was once chief of staff of the U.S. army from 1996 to 2003. He has been a leading advocate of a "surge" of U.S. troops into Iraq, a strategy that's been embraced by the White House.

Q You mentioned a "surge" of 20,000-30,000 new troops into Iraq. There are already 140,000 there. Why would more make a difference at this point?

A What I'm really advocating is a change of mission and a change of strategy, and so accomplish that you have to increase the force levels. [U.S. forces] have never been given the mission to defeat the insurgency or secure the population. The primary mission—and this is what people, including military people who aren't directly into the situation don't understand—the military mission has been to maintain our level of responsibility to the Iraqi forces. In light of that mission is that we would need to defeat the insurgency if they would do it because it would take too long for us to do it.

Q And that has failed.

A The problem with that is the enemy was able to exploit our values and beliefs because we were not putting much pressure on them. They were able to raise the level of violence every year for the three-plus years we've been there, and now that violence is beyond the capacity level of Iraqi forces to handle. This operation is all about bringing the violence down to a level that is within the capabilities

of the Iraqi security forces.

Q But for the troops on the ground, how will this be any different from what they already do every day?

A They will go into the neighborhoods and clear out the insurgents, the al-Qaida and the Shia death squads. We have done that before. But the second part of the mission, we haven't done. That is, after we have cleared them out, the Iraqi units and U.S. units will stay there 24/7 and not go back to their bases. They will support the population and protect them from the insurgents, the al-Qaida, and the death squads who will try to come back. We only did this one time in a small city called Tal Afar. In other cases, we left after we cleared and they came back. Now we will keep them from coming back. That's the third part of the mission is to provide economic and reconstruction relief—economic packages for basic quality of life services to the population. That is important as the military operation to our success.

Q How long should the surge last in total? And how long do you think U.S. forces will remain in Iraq?

A How long U.S. forces need to remain in Iraq, I don't know. The surge itself should probably last 18 months to two years. We should do two things simultaneously: first, a mission to secure Baghdad with five more brigades. At the same time, put additional forces into al-Anbar province to conduct offensive operations against al-Qaida and insurgents, to keep them from undermining

the operation in Baghdad. After Baghdad is secured, we would move to al-Anbar for a different mission—to protect the people in Baghdad, it will take most of the year, but we would see some success before the year was out.

Q What do you think is the absolute maximum number of troops required for the mission?

A I don't want to talk about the numbers of troops, but the numbers of units become the number way by unit. The base consensus is that we need to increase from the U.S. to the theater would be approximately six brigades—five to Baghdad and one to al-Anbar province. It's about 30,000. It depends on how many support troops come with them. It's easy to be off by 5,000 or 10,000.

Q The U.S. military is used to being stronger under the weight of two wars. Where would the additional troops come from?

A With the exception of one brigade, these are troops who are already scheduled to come to Iraq; we are just bringing their mission. In 2008, some troops would come from units not scheduled to come—five or six army national guard brigades. I think this is something the military can do. There is a human dimension to this in terms of our soldiers and families, to be sure. But the military mission to be executed during war, and it expects to be.

Q What kind of casualties should the American people brace for?



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A: The cautious will go passively, but once they see they will go down, I cannot arrest a number to it.

Q: What about a "rolling surge"—bringing in troops conditional on the progress and to operations from the Iraqis?

A: We have to bring the level of violence down so that the Iraqis can take over. The strategy that my "lost men" is over to the Iraqis, that's what we were doing all along for the last three years. The problem is they are not ready to deal with this level of violence given the size and quality of their force. As much as I hate to say it, the current strategy, which was designed by my friends and the guys who used to work here, has failed.

But the other elements of national power that are part of the strategy—the political, economic and diplomatic—should be executed just as vigorously as the military component will be. In the past, that has not been the case. Some of those efforts have been ineffective.

Q: Is that the fault of the State Department?

A: We're talking about the National Security Council, the State Department and the Treasury Department.

Q: Donald Rumsfeld has taken a lot of the blame for mistakes in the war. How does that blame him?

A: The blame for the war is shared by national leaders like secretary Rumsfeld and senior military leaders. There is a genuine partnership in terms of execution.

The main mistake is we had a short-war strategy and rushed to achieve a political objective—a representative democracy—that is Iraq is not subservient in the near-term. And furthermore, we never took on the mission to defeat the insurgency ourselves. It was a short-war strategy that over-relied on the Iraq security forces. That's the generals and secretary Rumsfeld primarily. And, of course, the President is ultimately responsible.

Q: When American voters decided in the November elections to give Democrats majority in both houses of Congress, was that an endorsement of Democratic calls to start bringing the troops home? Should the President respect that message?

A: I think the President should do what he believes is right and not put his finger in the air to say what the political mood of the country is. We are where we were in the early years of the Civil War. We had lost the early battles. Washington was waging his hands and legislators were recharged to the Confederates to make accommodation because they knew there would be two countries now and we should start making political deals to pull it off. (Abraham) Lincoln as president would have none of it. He kept firing the generals who were losing the war until he found one who understood what total victory was and how to achieve it. That general was [Ulysses S.] Grant.

Lincoln had huge political opposition to what he was doing because we had been losing the war and, and people were ready to give up—kind of like where a local police are now. I think it's almost a perfect analogy.

Q: You helped write a detailed proposal for

how the Iraqi could be forced for facing a high civilian death toll in Sadr City. Wasn't Baghdad primarily on the west and not the rule of Baghdad? Why there?

A: That's where most of the violence is. And it allows you to show early on an even-handedness in securing the population of both Shi'a and Sunni at the same time.

What about going into Sadr City?

A: We should try to resolve that violent politically. If we are able to protect the Shi'a and Suni over a week and months, Prime Minister [Nuri] al-Maliki for the first time has leverage to persuade military leaders, such as [Muqtada] al-Sadr and [Abdullah] al-Bakr to stop offensive operations and draw back to a defensive posture because the U.S. and Iraqis are protecting their people. If they refuse, the next day we go in there. But let's try not to do that. There are an additional million people in Sadr City, and going in will only drive the entire Shi'a militia and militia movement against us, which is not right. That would be 70,000 people.

Q: But how much credibility does al-Bakr actually have? Isn't his government infiltrated by rebels?

A: Al-Maliki is aligned with Shi'a militia. They are a constituency which put him in power. He would not be in office without them. The problem is because now al-Maliki cannot stop the Shi'a militia from conducting offensive operations because the U.S. and the Iraq security forces have been incapable of protecting that Shi'a population. The thought is that once we start protecting them, we can take that issue away.

You have to understand that the Shi'a militia wanted 20 years to start offensive operations—only after massive bombings and the Sunni assassination squads. Given the patience they demonstrated for almost three years, there is something to work with. They may be completely out of patience now, and they may not want to trust us again. It's possible. But it seems worth trying.

Q: Is there any realizer that Iraq, with all its sectarian divisions, can become a viable democracy?

A: That much I do know. I believe that we can restore law and convince the Iraqis that they cannot win through armed conflict. We can force the Shi'a militia back behind the barricades. These are militarily resolvable problems. Whether the Iraqis continue to a democracy and what that entails is an open question. Probably what we can hope for is that we have a stable government that can protect its people and provide goods and services. That may not be a completely representative

democracy in its democratic countries know it. If we get a stable government in Iraq, free from the repression of Saddam Hussein, that can protect itself and not prey on its neighbors, then we are in better shape than we were under Saddam Hussein.

After the Korean War, we wanted a strong dictatorship to run South Korea for years, before capitalists started to take hold and the country eventually became the democracy we know today. The reason was their political culture was not ready for it after the Korean War. The Iraqi political culture is not ready either, but we forced it on them anyway. We are pulling back from obtaining the ultimate goal of a democratic country. I think, to a goal of a stable government capable of protecting its people and providing goods and services. That's a much more realistic goal. We have had unrealistic expectations of Iraq since the beginning.

Q: How would you encourage the President and the Democratic leaders who wrote how a letter last week warning that a troop surge was a bad idea?

A: I think the President has to make a decision to do what's right in Iraq. Once progress

'There is a human dimension, but the military exists to be stressed during war, and expects it'

and success will be shown in Iraq, I believe public opinion will change. I think the current climate was different than what you suggested. It was about the frustration of the American people with the lack of progress and some. Moreover, we were running Iraq, and we were making progress, even if it was to take longer than anticipated. I think the American people would completely support it.

Q: What is your worst case scenario?

A: We begin to withdraw before the Iraqis can handle the level of violence in the country. That could lead to a fractured government, an all-out civil war, a failed state and the U.S. would have to withdraw completely.

Q: American attention has been riveted on Iraq, but as you know Canada is making a significant military effort in Afghanistan.

A: And thank God for it.

Q: How do you judge the prospects for success there?

A: The problem in Afghanistan is the central government is weak and there is a rather robust security in Pakistan on the border where the Taliban have formed and are seeking a return to power. We shouldn't let our hands here. We should put definite their intentions and goals. We need [Nawaz] Musharraf's help and his leadership has been. He is concerned about U.S. and NATO leaders.

Q: Would a major reconstruction of U.S. troops to Iraq weaken American resolve in Afghanistan?

No, I think it will help. If we can show success in Iraq, which we can, I think it would encourage everyone about the operations in Afghanistan. They are different countries and cultures are not the same, but there is a common thread. There are similarities in both countries that want to topple daily local governments and there are external players.

I think '07 is going to be difficult, but I'm optimistic. ■



'The current strategy, designed by my friends and guys who used to work for me, has failed'

Q: Why have there been press reports of resistance within the Pentagon to the idea of a surge?

A: Say there are people who don't agree with it—the military is not a monolithic organization. For two years, people have believed the current mission was wrong and would fail. But the fact of the matter is, the President is going to change the mission and the military is going to implement it. If you can't do that, you should not be a soldier. The point checks will be behind it. The point checks are concerned



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Left: Harper and wife, Sherry, walking their dog, Kyrie, on the grounds of the Prime Minister's Office. A

A tall, lanky man with a homely grin for one second, then a lanky scholar leaning the placid in the next. The hoopy professor who is Stephen Harper's closest advisor is not nearly so simple as he seems. A former cabinet colleague says "Dudley Do-Right with a twist for the jugular."

Stephen Dion's spectacular victory has sparked a frenzied, gossip-happy quest for colour on this unusual political animal. So, here he readily admits he has no talent for small talk, and had to work hard to master a basic, essential political skill that sets us apart from most of his colleagues—concerning people's names and faces. His wife, Janine Kreher, says Dion is so clumsy he's also lately useless around the house. "He can't be trusted to change a light bulb, especially halogen."

He runs the household, keeps the books and matches his wardrobe to his hair. Friends say he has an other-worldly sense of humour—wink a knock for absurd jokes in a Maury Povich (Dion once told his then-eight-year-old daughter, out of the blue: "What if what we call the world is mostly part of a woman's dream?"). After he lost his job as environment minister, so Stephen Harper's Cabinet member last year, he bought himself a white Siberian husky he named Kyrie.

Stephen Dion is known as a rare bird, a high-profile individual who takes public meetings, or walks to appointments. Dion has a driver's licence and owns a car—a battered Volvo, all wheel drive, and Subaru boxer—but he seldom drives it, not simply because of environmental concerns but because of eyeight problems. The biggest snag at the Montreal leadership convention—when the planks of Dion supporters showed up on the Saturday morning of the vote, all wearing green T-shirts instead of the yellow the red—could not be appreciated by Dion himself. He cannot see the difference between red and green in traffic lights or T-shirts. Stephen Dion walks everywhere because he is colour-blind.

Dion's body language screams "nerd," but he likes to play golf with the guys. He's a blurb, an occasional clown, a dedicated fly fisherman who says "Fishing is the only time when I can be present." Above all, "Stephen is an original. He has an innovative mind," says the person who knows him best. And, Janine Kreher adds, "He will almost surprise you, and pop up where you expect him the least. That's what makes him interesting, and so funny in his own way."

For Dion himself, that most surprising thing about his leadership victory in Montreal on Dec. 12 last night surprised no one. His main objective during a recent telephone interview with Madeline was to explain how everything about him—his upbringing, his Ph.D., his scholarly research into the structure of power and the workings of governments, his years as cabinet, then as life backbenches, his struggle to keep his riding—and his wife, a politician's mother—also combined to make

him the best candidate for the post of prime minister. "I am perfectly well prepared for that job," he told Madeline.

But, in the three months he gave at his first press conference at Liberal Headquarters, Dion made that revealing remark for a new party boss. "There always been underestimated," he told TVO's Lina Dill. "And in his always around me well."

Stephen Dion won the Liberal leadership in a good part because none of his rivals could figure out in time how to deal with such a political oddball: a cocksure underdog.

The Liberal members in the House of Commons representing the party 13 Quebec ridings that elected them last year—the "Grits" without showing even all but one of them—Stephen Dion with varying degrees of irony. No Quebec name was behind Dion's leadership bid.

He was not popular among his Quebec peers in part because he is much better educated, and clearly more intelligent, than most of them—and he never deludes himself from that view. As well, he would much rather than most of them. He'd read their reports and briefing books on top of his own—and he'd back those, informed questions during caucus or cabinet meetings that the boss was chewing. From dinner really don't like that. Regular guys don't, either. But mostly, his colleagues were ill at ease around Stephen Dion because they couldn't quite figure him out. He is not your standard politician.

Try to explain instead. "I have known Le grand patron—high office—long before I had to learn the secret fighting side of party politics," Dion says of his copy-murder, under-the-table ink in federal circles. "For most politicians, it's the other way around." A local rookie, Dion was named into the strategic confines of the Prime Minister's Office by Jean Chretien in 1996. Eight years later, he was hailed up in his St-Laurent-Cartierville riding office, fighting "the Liberal machine" that was plotting to send his riding away from him, Sheila Copps style.

The boss of that Liberal machine at the time, Jean Lapierre, moved back to the Montreal radio circuit. Politics is to fight everywhere. In Quebec, it can get ugly. But Stephen Dion had been warned.

She manages the money and matches his clothes. They talk politics late into the night. They're not what you'd expect.

BY BENJAMIN AUBIN • PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN HAYWARD

OTTAWA'S NEW POWER COUPLE

haviour producing him to be the first among the very best of them all. Stéphane Dion has a *diplôme d'état*—a state-validated Ph.D.—and a business model from the CNRS, the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique. Tell any Francophone that, and his mouth forms a big smile. O In this most elite of societies, doctor *d'état* is considered the crown. Stéphane Dion is not just a mere civil engineer, he is an official member of the lobby, top-tier club of the contemporary French intellectual elite.

Denis St. Martin, a liberal and former colleague of Dion, remarks that, "Stéphane's common sense for backing the third and going against the crowd is very much apparent in his choice of a topic and of a reporter for his studies. Social sciences in France in the early '80s were heavily influenced by

new radicals. That regression events were inevitable between the two. Power is a life-taking addiction; it's interdependence." Dion says he found the reason for his philosophical optimism in Orson: "When I asked me as a young liberal was the thought that freedom, love and power could be reconciled, even if imperfectly, under the model of reciprocal interaction."

Outward posture into the Quebec Canada federation, and you have Stéphane Dion's answer to our national unity conundrum.

Back in Canada in 1984, Dion and Krieger became playmates—16-olives, trying to reconcile jobs 210 miles apart. Dion got a job teaching political science at Université Montréal, a separatist hotbed, and Krieger got one in the public department at Laval in Quebec City. "We were not typical political sci-

entists to adopt Jeanne, their only child. The previous adoption bureaucracy was not exactly size amiable at the time, and the process took three months. Official anti-Dion sentiment mostly that the attitude, the look and the mere made him with almost no effort. "I couldn't replace these two kids in a row and was much, much better than today." The couple had been directed to buy by their daughter's doctor, an Argentinian-born colleague who knew people there. "To this day, people in Grosse Pointe (the tall blond group) who used to walk around with his daughter in his backpack," Diacenterler told a reporter.

Albino? Dion's husband's Diacenterler legging a student's backpack to his next meetings and official functions. Now, it seems, this prop—just 100 cent for a leader-

ship candidate out to catch the postcard—has been an extension of Dion's anatomy for quite a bit of time.

In his dissection, though, professor Dion was not so shy to star in his students at the time. "His lecture was getting closer to G. Chénier's," says St. Martin, who also studied under the freshly married Dr. Stéphane Dion at Université de Montréal in the late 1980s. "But he was teaching an art topic: International affairs [Krieger's forte, undoubtedly] was all the rage at the time. Public administration [Dion's course] was seen as a power by many."

By accident? "He helped me develop a clear under-

standing during the second Quebec referendum, he was a carry-in Quebec—a young federalist who had blood being served over the rings, punching holes in the movement around or "come over," and creating words with whatever separatist candidate showed up. What happened? "I was in my training," Diacenterler says. "When people and things I knew were inaccurate, I felt compelled to correct the record. If someone said had spoken up, I would have kept quiet."

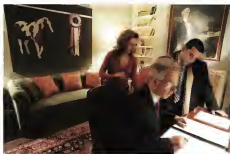
Even today, the topic gets Dion easily worked up. Just by listing them Diacenterler "inaccuracies" of the time, his voice ratchets up a note or two, and his breath short-

lyphant. Dion was never modest in triumph. He was only modest in his opponents. He triumphed with grace. Chose he humbled at the same as self-sterilizing today. Regular folks who didn't pay much attention to politics back then still remember there was something vaguely unusual about that Dion guy. That's probably his most serious concern in the moment. But let's working on it. When asked, at the end of a long interview, at the end of a break, what he thought the Chinese break, what really upset him, Dion replied, without missing a beat: "Bombs and adultery. I cannot accept that some people

born debauch. He's totally Cartesian, his thinking is geometrical. For him, every problem has a solution." What Lefebvre is keen to add is that Dion was very good at disturbing fires in the separatists' thinking, but "he failed to address the more comprehensive, criminal issue of why hell the population voted for sovereignty in 1995."

Le Point in where Anne Chénier (posed Dion, and told her husband, the emboldened prime minister, that he should check her out—which Jean Chénier did, several of course) "When the phone rang, several of the office of the premier minister was calling. I replied which one?" Krieger says. "I think they

'My father reduced my arguments to nothing, but he'd give a way out for me to save face. I haven't been as good at that.'



DION HAS a business model from the CNRS in France. Tell any Francophone that and his mouth forms a big O

thought I was being rude." (In French, premier usually covers both the premier and the prime minister.)

Dion was in Ottawa that day, going a lecture. That was, he says "very critical of Chénier and the federal leadership" in the referendum battle. Dion walked to his rooming at St. Joseph's Hotel through his discussion with the prime minister, Anne Chénier walked in, asking her husband how things? "His working on it," Chénier replied.

A few weeks later, Robert Bourassa invited Dion into the *Palais de la Nation* in Québec City, not knowing that Chénier had been there before him. "I told Mr. Bourassa that we have a young child,

my wife works out of town, and I am the one who takes care of the kid in the morning." Dion says. Bourassa walked the argument away, saying Dion would catch up on family life with his grandchildren. "We was of another generation. To talk like that for a man my age would be unacceptable." At first, Dion felt inclined to turn a deaf ear to the stern signs of politics, but he was outwitted by it. "We've done okay things before, and this could be fine," he said. A month later, Dion had come to terms with the idea of himself as a politician, but then he was Krieger who had a second thought. "We had a child, I had to be in Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu (teaching at the military college there, no longer in the south of Montreal) as a man. A compromise was reached. "We agreed that I'd go into politics for the time that it takes



THE COUPLE, now living in a splendid Montreal townhouse, will be moving to Stormontville (above) soon

She visited Afghanistan during the federal election as a DND expert, 'thinking it would be less bloody there,' Krieger jokes

Marcel Deschamps told Michel Foucault, St. Martin goes on. "We were all about class warfare, domination, oppression, liberation." Except, perhaps, Dion's chosen mother, Michel Chénier, a liberal thinker. "For Krieger, only the individual matters. For him, social structures are meaningless obstacles. Only actions taken by individual acts carry significance."

Only after a power, but intellectual mentor, Dion says. "For Krieger, what distinguishes a brother from a human being is power. There is no power in a brother, only a premonition of hierarchy. Power is relationship. Power implies a negotiation between

two," Krieger says. "We were not politically involved, like most of our colleagues. Our interest was in politics, not in power, not in actual politics."

Working in two different cities was not an ideal even up far away family, but there were other problems. Dion and Chénier concluded the couple was sterile. Thus in what felt them to be the other. They could not consider adopting a child if they weren't married. "It happened on April 19th of '89," Jeanne Krieger says. "But April 1 happened to be Good Friday that year."

In 1988, Stéphane Dion set out for Cuba, the nearest New capital in the Penitence, Andes,

standing of how governments work," says Charles Gosselin, now an editor at *L'Express* magazine in Montreal. "At the end of each lecture, Dion organized debates on his political ideas, such as the Charterism account of 1992. He would recount the arguments, of course, but he was not a star for all at the time. His father was."

Which was the father's son? Dion, according to his wife and friends, he was much too busy building up his academic career to pay much attention to local political issues. What changed his mind? In 1992, Dion was travelling, reading books, writing essays, travelling, reading books, writing essays, travelling, reading his own business. There were

em. "It's not true that Canada is a central state and federation. It's not true that Quebec gets a bare end from Ottawa, and that that overlapping jurisdictions are missing. It's not true that the French language and culture are threatened in Canada. It's certainly not true that Quebec was going to separate easily, such as my majority, and in a legal vacuum."

The separatists listed him. He pushed them to their last line of defense, and there would be that way Dion was found from crisis to crisis. Challenging the separatists was tantamount to attacking the bookend, deepening Quebec's separation. "We Dion is a small town. He doesn't even for it." Like Quebec leader Lucien Krieger said at the time.

Dion must have been there.

would put other people down on the basis that they are allegedly a false statement. It's hard to say this, because snobish and a string of appearance symptoms—height, imposture, code, modeling, interest—are words that cropped up in conversation with Stéphane Dion just as often as his personal positive cues, honest, brilliant, computer and "he said."

In 1995, during that referendum campaign, Stéphane Dion was a regular guest at Le Point, Radio Canada's public affairs program. There, he often crossed words with Guy Lafont, another brilliant political economist from Laval University. Lafont is known to call them Pointe and Dion, the two little guys in the Hackberry House cartoons. "Stéphane is more French than most people realize," Lafont says. "He's a



IF YOU WALK over them? You might not know they're there. Or they might explode!

WATCH YOUR STEP

Ottawa is warning about unexploded ammo lurking underwater

BY MICHAEL FUSCOLOTTA • Nobody lives on Bald Head Island. Not now, and certainly not in the 1940s, when the summer spot was a prime target for Canadian warplanes bombing high above Lake Ontario. For 14 years, from 1939 to 1951, fighter pilots pelted the isolated beach with thousands of bombs and rockets. During the height of the Second World War, dozens of explosions were part of the natural chain of living in Prince Edward County. "I'm 63, and I have childhood memories of it," says Randy Seely, whose family still cottages on the region, not hours east of Toronto. "Then, then, we used to boat over to Bald Head on Sundays and pick up shrapnel bullets and have a swim."

Decades later, vacationers still venture ashore with coolers and towels and an after noon to water. But the Department of National Defence—perpetrated that someone might step on an old piece of unexploded ammo—is suddenly determined to keep everyone away. So determined, in fact, that federal officials blazed the island and charged people with trespassing. "The locals were crazy," Seely says. "Everyone was asking the same question: *Why now? The risk is no different today than it was 70 years ago.*"

True. It's just that UNO (and its larger cousin, UXO) has taken on a new meaning. It's finally taking the time to measure that risk and alert the public. The work is all part of the newly created Unexploded Explosive Ordnance (UXO) and Legacy Sites Program, a multi-year project that will identify, assess and, in some cases, clean up the military's decades-old messes. And there are lots of messes. Bald Head included. The UNO staff has already identified 640 plots of land it used throughout the country with potentially explosive debris, most of it grenades

perimeter for the night, and whose family was later compensated by the military. "They should have done something a long time ago."

Such is UNO's dilemma. No matter what it does now, nobody will be completely satisfied. Some will complain it's overkill. Others will say it's too little, too late. Even if the bureaucrats were armed with unlimited funds (they aren't; in 2006 the budget was \$9 million), they could never dispose of everything in an instant sweep. "The only way we could ever give a 100 per cent guarantee is if we lifted every morsel of soil down to the bedrock," McInnis says. "And that's just not practical." So instead, the department plans to rate each site according to how likely it is, combined with the odds that someone will actually trip over a grenade and trigger an explosion. Low risk sites will essentially be left alone, allowing the fish to focus on swimming places like Bald Head Island and Lac St. Pierre. Case in point, those areas, and dozens of others, will also be surrounded by "leaky" new "DANGER" signs—red, white and blue fluorescent (the version with "beach toys" was rejected by the military)—according to the consultant's report. Other possibilities were rejected for being too "difficult" and "costly."

When asked the government's action plan, Terrence Long could only smile. "Warning signs?" "A little more thought has to go into this," says Long, a retired field captain and former beach disposal chief for the Canadian Forces. "I would take the time right out of UNO's hands and develop a whole new department. They are the polluters, so how, in the 21st century, can we still have the polluter distancing what they are going to clean up and what they are not?"

Consider Langens, the cox of Yarmouth, N.S. For years, he has been trying to win officials about the auction U215 German submarine that rests on the ocean floor. "That sub sits on a 45-degree angle with five vertical launchers on it," he says. "In four of the tubes are three live mines, and in the last tube are two mines." But he can't travel the area nearly every day, and since he's already assigned four men on the wreck. "It's just a matter of time before somebody breaks the vertical launch tubes, pulls up the hatch and catches a mine." By the new deal hauls that get aboard. ■

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MAXIE HE'S JUST A LITTLE SPOKE-SPOKEN

"Could you tell me a little bit more about Mr. Don's foreign policy because I haven't heard anything from him?"—Mildred Kohn, MP for Mississauga-Streetsville, responding to a question at a press conference last week about whether he has concerns about Don's Afghanistan policy. Kohn, who was re-elected in the 1995 special election in South York and the Middle East last August, crossed over from the Liberals to the Conservatives last week.



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HONEY FOR NOTHING: Rich countries have spent some US\$2.3 trillion dollars in aid over the past 60 years. What has it accomplished?

SO MUCH FOR FOREIGN AID

Africa's new curse is a crippling brain drain. Its chief cause: us.

BY LARRY KROTT • In 1991, when a Tutsi Hutu conflict began, similar though not identical to what happened in neighboring Rwanda a year later, migrated to the tiny central African country of Uganda, 29-year-old Michelle Nyandwi was one of those to flee the carnage. Because she was a student with a promising future—she held an accounting diploma and had just enrolled in an economics program at the University of Johannesburg—Nyandwi's arrival in Montreal made her more than a refugee. Thirteen years on, Nyandwi lives in Winnipeg rather than in Kampala, instead of holding a significant position in the economy of her country of birth, she works at Aer Canada's sales department. And she is part of a phenomenon recently given a name: Africa's brain drain.

If you've not heard this term before, you're not alone. Just when we thought we had a handle on aid raising Africa's problems, a

dramatic trend has now emerged: the continent's best and brightest are leaving, even as their home countries need them most. Some analysts say that as much as 50,000 Ph.D.s, or 30 percent of Africa's university trained professionals, currently live and work outside the continent, in Britain, Europe, or North America. Others put the number higher, at 750,000. Millions of graduates leaving each year. By any measure, such an exodus is devastating for a continent desperate to get on its feet. It has also weighed in on what is turning out to be a sad case: a considerable portion of the entire population of Africa aid.

A short time ago when Western leaders were getting advice on foreign aid from celebrity activists such as Bono and Bob Geldof, all that was needed was money, and more of it. If every rich country could scrape up just 0.7 percent of GNP—a land

of magical number agreed on by the G8 countries in 2002 under something called the Millennium Compact—and send it off to places like Africa, the world would be a better place. With a difference: a couple of years makes Tim's season's pile of books, studies and lectures change that conventional wisdom. The result of what is fed back out as foreign aid, they argue, does no good at all. The strategy is flawed away by inefficient

AFRICAN-TRAINED nurses are actively poached by the U.S.



bureaucrats or finding its way into the back pockets of Egyptian senior politicians, while the poor remain as desperate as ever. The critics say it all. *White Man's Burden: Why the West's Efforts to Aid the Rest Have Done So Much Ill and So Little Good*, by William Easterly, *The Trouble With Africa: Why Foreign Aid Isn't Working* by Robert Calderisi. Both Easterly and Calderisi are former World Bank economists. Calderisi, a Canadian, spent more than 20 years in Africa. Neither denounces poverty on a massive scale, poverty in the so-called developing world. Nor do they deny the long aid cynicism of the

African country of Tanzania is separately funded with preparing 2,000 reports each quarter and hosting 1,000 meetings with donors annually—as debate at great cost. According to a bloodless Insurance task force, called Transforming Foreign Assistance in the 21st Century, Tanzania has concluded that the cost of accepting aid is quite equal to its benefit. Robert Calderisi cites a US\$180-million infest project in which one cent of each dollar spent went to medicine

For every expert sent in to help Africa—a doctor, a lawyer—an educated African is leaving



EXECUTIVES like the World Bank's Paul Wolfowitz are getting tough on corruption

any U.S. congressman Tom DeLay, who stressed furiously that foreign aid meant "putting Ghana over Greenland." But they do point out that over the past 50 years, rich countries have paid, in billions of dollars, US\$2.3 trillion for development in poor countries—only to see children in Africa and parts of Asia still dying from entirely preventable diseases, and women still walking miles to collect water or firewood.

No one seems to know when all the money went. Indifference has led to the current stagnation over aid's effectiveness. The old idea that something will eventually trickle down to the truly needful once local elites have lined their pockets no longer does the trick. Tough-minded executives like Paul Wolfowitz at the World Bank are criticizing more interference on corruption, with no hesitation to force loans in the face of it.

Meanwhile, the bureaucracy that accounts for a lot of aid is just as crippling. The

one cent to insecticides, three cents to mosquito nets, and so much to housing, security, administration and evaluation, most of which is turned to Western donor countries in the pocket of consultants.

These are efforts under way to make this different world. The Canadian Parliament is currently considering a bill, C-295, that would require that all foreign aid be dedicated to poverty reduction. The same 15 billion Canada spends each year, argues the bill's sponsor, Liberal John McKeen, should be kept away from supporting every "fiasco of the week." Security, government support, police training at Haiti, rebuilding issues in Afghanistan. "The cost value of Canadians," he says, "support poverty reduction."

But the answer that most people are under development, according to critics of traditional aid, are often actually made worse by. According to International Monetary Fund members Raghuram Rajan and Arvind

Subramanian, aid inflows can have negative adverse effects on a country's competitiveness. Consider Africa—one of the poorest continents for foreign aid. As Calderisi points out, in the past 10 years Africa lost half of its foreign markets for export products, mostly in oil, more efficient, developing nations. The cost in revenue to the continent: 270 billion years. Africa currently represents only two per cent of the value of world trade, a number that has jumped up from one per cent only due to current high oil and copper prices. He also notes that 40 percent of African savings are deposited not at home, where the capital would presumably do some local good, but in banks outside the continent.

Subramanian's Africa notes have joined the discussion. One of the most prominent is a Kenyan economist, James Shikwati. Shikwati is viewed critically by some Westerners because of his ties to Kenyan neo-conservative think tanks such as the Heritage Foundation, but no one can dismiss the problem, he has gained. "For God's sake, please stop the aid," he told the German magazine *Der Spiegel* in an interview earlier this year. Shikwati's main critique is that aid money not only supports huge bureaucracies but promotes corruption and complacency. "Africans are taught to be beggars," he said. Shikwati believes aid weakens local economies and deflates "the spirit of entrepreneurship," something his country desperately needs. If the West were to cancel these payments, he argues, normal Africans wouldn't even notice. "Only the politicians would be hurt."

And that there is the brain drain. The British government's Commission on Africa last year suggested that the number of skilled migrants leaving the continent is partly due to the number of foreign technical experts being sent in as part of international NGO projects or foreign aid packages. In other words, for every expert sent to help Africa—a medical professional, engineer, lawyer, government analyst, environmental planner—an educated African national is leaving in the other direction. Alan Watts, an economist at Leeds Metropolitan University who under took a study of the migration for the British Association of University Teachers, shows that migration statistics are notoriously imprecise, still, the trend is inescapable, as is its price tag. "A larger immigration crisis, however, would be beneficial for all sorts of reasons," he says, "including lowering dependency on foreign expertise which, as history tells us, does not come value-free." There are also social costs: the loss, history, culture, local ways of thinking and innovation as an increasingly developed global knowledge.

Consent among people's migration is a delicate business because nobody, in a global

afforded world, is going to bridge anyone's right to pursue better opportunities for personal security or happiness. And there is a certain level of hypocrisy to lamentations about Africa's lost migration. Western countries benefit greatly from the skills and education Africa brings with them and, anyway, to such a subtle or passive observer. The Camerounians for Africa accused the British health care system of actively poaching African professionals, and has levelled the same charge at Canada. One industry observer comments that if it weren't for Zimbabweans and Zambians, the British health care system would collapse. (Warrior in those countries are trained within a system held over from colonialism) Also that gives them more all-around skills than graduates of current Western programs, so they are considered very valuable to Britain.) Recently have a number of Canadian doctors benefited from foreign doctors and all names, some have undertaken of their own volition to recruit them. A decade ago, Manitoba was sending recruitment packages to Luc Lévesque from South Africa to staff its aquatics medical centre.

But what once should be done other than, as the British scholar union has suggested, compensating African countries' inefficient African governments, Robert Calderon notes, are trying to come up with strategies to lure their emigrants back, and sympathetic Western governments and aid programs might try to find ways to support that. UNESCO recently announced a joint project with the corporate giant, Hewlett-Packard, that would provide grid technology to universities in five African countries, in an attempt to "reverse the effects of the brain drain by connecting academics who have stayed in their native countries with those who have left."

The international community might also take note that efforts to help countries like Haiti and civil are more central to the fabric of a continent like Africa than simply pouring in money. Barundi's real poverty is not simply material but that it persists in being the land of place that drives out people like Nkurunziza Nkurunziza. Nkurunziza himself has taken tentative steps to end his exile and behind where he fled as a refugee. He says that though the political situation is not yet stable enough that she would feel comfortable living there, she hopes someday to be able to return. Meanwhile, she has started an adult business exporting Canadian-made clothing to Rwanda using the profits to help her family there. "My long-term dream," she says, "is to make enough money to start a hospital where Burundian doctors could work with a salary Canada as does it." Also plan to Barundi that employs Burundian doctors—that is a novel idea. ■



ROYAL: A new politician whose fortunes rose after being photographed in a bikini.

WANTED: ANOTHER REVOLUTION

This spring's election may give France what it needs—real reform

BY MICHAEL PETRECE • If there were ever a country in need of dramatic political renewal, it is France today.

One year after mixing youth in the mostly Muslim and ethnic majority suburbs of Paris and other major cities reached some 10,000 vehicles and 300,000 jobs, an estimated 10,000 cars—although for pay, such attention because the need for new members of the desert as opposed to the hoodlums. Unemployment hasn't just below nine per cent—a five-year low—low among young people, and especially among the sons of immigrants of immigrants, the rate is double that and higher. Government attempts to introduce targeted labor market reforms were snuffed in the face of massive street demonstrations. And Jacques Chirac, president since 1995, is perceived as lame and discredited after voters rejected the proposed European Union constitution, which he had championed.

The French have every right to feel cynical and fed up with their corrupt crop of leaders. Next year's presidential election appears to offer them something different. The two

most likely front runners—Ségolène Royal and Nicolas Sarkozy—seemingly actually any other leading figures in French politics today. By the historic standards of French presidential candidates, both are relatively young. Sarkozy is 39 (Royal is 35). Royal is a drop-dead gorgeous and must be one of the few politicians whose political fortunes improved after she was photographed wearing a bikini. Sarkozy isn't nearly as handsome, but he's a stylish dresser and a dedicated Ennui Ball Appearances only began to describe what he and Royal and Sarkozy sport, though. Both are seen as outsiders who have brought a new style of politics, personality-driven politics to France. Their campaigning approach could accurately be described as American.

Ségolène Royal is a walking effort to the old guard of her socialist party. She has held relatively minor posts in government, her power base in Paris. Chirac's, whereas the regional premier, 61, for three Paris, she has the experience on the international stage. It was still, if never quite said, that Sarkozy's put in her time or paid her dues, it wasn't her time. Occasionally the cynics remind you Royal's partner, and the father of her four children, is François Hollande, leader of the Socialist party. "Who's going to watch the kids?" asked Laurent Fabius, a Royal rival for the

party's president of France two decades ago. Royal deftly sidestepped that sort of question.

Recall deftly sidestepped that sort of question. The party's existence means. The grassroots loved her, and this is what mattered in the end. She won the runoff election on Nov. 16 in the first ballot, taking more than 60 per cent of the vote—a triumph that only adds to the list of occasions in which she has surpassed expectations. Those who might to black her recent night now have to see the party by offering to babysit.

Nicolas Sarkozy, leader of the centre-right Union pour un Mouvement Populaire and minister of the interior in the current government of Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin, is a virtual lock to secure the UMP's nomination for president this week, and to oppose Royal on the April 22 election. Known simply as "Sarko" by many French, he is the son of a 19-year-old immigrant father and a mother whose family in 1960s fled the Algerian civil war. Sarkozy grew up outside the privileged inner circle of French society. Unlike Royal and most leading French politicians, he did not study at the elite École Normale Supérieure, a training ground for top French civil servants.

Sarkozy is, however, a long time politician who has developed a reputation as a scrappy and plain-spoken populist. While many French politicians told the natives in towns trying to pull Sarkozy for not being suburban youth last year, Sarkozy dismissed them as "bitch" and "a bunch of hoodlums," and said that the suburbs need to be washed out with industrial cleaner. That sort of rhetoric inspires both in the suburbs and in France. But it was also being to popularize Sarkozy as the European union. Unlike most French politicians, he actually made a point of regularly visiting the suburbs. And while he's credited some of the most aggressive, he also favors positive discrimination to help ethnic minority youths find jobs, and he has suggested that public funds could be used to support mosques in France.

According to Jack Wergruber, an associate professor of sociology at the University of Toronto and an expert on the fight politics in France, this leaves Sarkozy open to attacks from Jeanine Le Pen, leader of the extreme right-wing National Front. However, Sarkozy

only needs to finish second in the first round of balloting in order to contest the presidency in the second and final round in May. Le Pen may cost him some votes in the first round, but it's unlikely there will be enough to knock him out of third place.

Instantaneously, Sarkozy sees clear relations between France and the United States. "We must rebuild the transatlantic relation

SARKOZY called voters "a bunch of hoodlums," but is not a pure reactionary



THE FIGHT HAS TURNED SARKOZY. 'WHO'S GOING TO WATCH THE KIDS?' ASKED ONE ROYAL OPPONENT.

ship on the basis of trust and shared responsibility. Sarkozy's won't want more immigration, but he has a demand for presence," he said earlier this year—and was promptly labelled George W. Bush's peacemaker by his political opponents. Unlike other Atlantic politicians, however, Sarkozy is opposed to Turkish membership in the European Union.

Sarkozy advocates the following labor laws, which he criticized the 35-hour working week, saying that "those among you who would like to put butter in your spouse's" should be allowed to work longer hours. But he also has a pro-worker streak—perhaps surprising for an aspiring French politician. "You're not talking about someone who is a liberal in the European sense," says Morris Solomon, a professor of politics at New York University, currently teaching in Paris. "No one in France would win an election who is a liberal in the European sense. It would be suicidal to build

a campaign by taking on the unions." The French Nicolas Sarkozy would impose France would not be so critical as those of former British prime minister Margaret Thatcher, with whom he is often compared. But he would be substantial, and France would look much different at the end of a Sarkozy presidency than it does now.

Royal is much harder to peg down. On the one hand, she said she questioned the necessity of short working weeks, she says the advisors. Tony Blair, and she said she opposes any French resident program, whether it is for civilian use or not (a pension the later announced, saying a civilian resident program would be susceptible of use subject to spot checks by the United Nations). On the other hand, she met with a Hezbollah leader in Lebanon last week, when the latter denounced America's "unilateral strategy" to end the war in Lebanon. When she met with a Hezbollah leader in Lebanon last week, when the latter denounced America's "unilateral strategy" to end the war in Lebanon. When she met with a Hezbollah leader in Lebanon last week, when the latter denounced America's "unilateral strategy" to end the war in Lebanon.

With his real-life life partner quailed her own mother to say that she does not think all Americans are insane, and she was only referring to George W. Bush's policy in Iraq. Gaffes such as those may simply be symptoms of Sarkozy's growing status in a young politician. Until recently, she was said to be anything but much about, and a still surprisingly vague about her policies. Her propaganda and speeches are full of warm but vague phrases. She says she wants to listen to voters, not dictate to them. When a journalist asked Royal for more clarity earlier this year, she seemed more sincere, demanding: "Would you ask this of a man?"

So far, the French public doesn't seem to mind. They've been increasingly infatuated with her for two years, and still her bubble shows no signs of bursting. But the presidential election is one night away, and France has problems that no woman to be overcome by just a winning personality. Sarkozy might be a winning figure, but unlike Royal does, a better job of articulating what she stands for, she may find her bid becomes the next president of France. ■



JORDAN: KING CRIS FOLLOWS KIBRETZ
King Abdullah II has taken issue with neighboring Israel, but unlike the great geopolitical forces of the region, his concern is more local. In a letter to the Israeli Ministry of the Environment, the Jordanian monarch has complained of massive illegal washing of the Eilat kibbutz near the Israeli city of Eilat toward his country's side. The king has set to lead the king's efforts that he had to expel an international conference.

CLOSING THE GAP

its sales are in free fall, it has shut down 900 stores, and now heads are rolling. Can radical change save the chain?

BY JASON KERRY • More than a year ago, the marketing gauds at the Gap-caged mallrack downtown Spokane forced to shoot a commercial for them. They had a plan to remodel the retailer's tired-looking stores. What they needed was a TV ad that could spark excitement in the minds of shoppers who barely glance through the chain's windows anymore. Jena delivered. In the movie spot, a customer inadvertently launches a pile of clothes to the floor. Then another does the same. When a woman pushes over a mannequin, even employees join in the retail rebellion. By the time the chase settles on a chaotic-wild world of handkerchiefs, the message is clear: long changes are in store at the Gap.

Well, somewhat for that. Spokane residents walked the ad after touting it as a few U.S. cities. Maybe because of growth too much. The company has gone through one turn-around after another over the last few years, and the retail racks have become both an analysts' and investors' bane. The retailer's decline among young adults is so dire that hip-hop stars and aging poppers have joined a lawsuit file. A few days before Christmas, shoppers at Tennessee's Kmart Center could find receipts from the crowd by tapping into the Gap's key staff.

It would seem all over. Last month a chain's parent company, The Gap Inc., says same-store sales fell eight per cent worldwide. Now don't let this be the cover the cover, including CEO Paul Pressler could be fired or that the whole company could be sold. But it's not clear even that will be enough to save the once-secure chain from irrelevance.

As Mark Moskowitz, a retail analyst with CL King & Associates in New York, says, "Clothing doesn't care about the Gap anymore."

What comes down, In the 1990s, the Gap was an unstoppable retail juggernaut, an undeniable force on North America's popular landscape. The Gap changed the way

we dressed ourselves. No need to fret over what to wear. Slip on a cotton shirt and khaki pants from the store and you'll be well back like your favorite character from *Friends* [except for the, of course]. For good reason, the parent company diversified its line up with Old Navy, for frugal shoppers, and Banana Republic, for those better off. Still, the Gap was the vanguard. Its clothes weren't necessarily the most fashionable, but they became the de facto uniform of the decade.

Things unravelled fast. Gapco ignored the emerging fragmentation of the retail market that underpins American chain like Abercrombie & Fitch joined in on the teenagers, while the likes of JC Penney lured moms into their stores. When a few years ago the Gap had served both demographics, no member would be caught dead in a shop that catered to the other. "It had to lead to the Gap's target customer," says Moskowitz. "It's everybody, and if you're not all things to everybody, you're nobody." Meanwhile, the Gapco empire—white-washed, branded, hundred billion—was in dire need of an update. Some stores have



THE GAP'S STRATEGY OF TRYING TO OUTFIT BOTH HIP-HOP TEENS AND AGING YUPPIES HAS BEEN A FLOP



A PRISMASH of stars, from Missy Elliott to Steven Spielberg, confuse the message

been remodelled with darker wood, but retail analysts, and most importantly customers, have generally passed the new look. While kids line up at retail Hallmark to fork over \$150 for a pair of jeans, the Gap has failed to attract anyone to come to close its shelves.

At the turn of the millennium, the Gap peaked at almost 1,140 stores across the U.S. and Canada. In a bid to reach teens and reborn the brand, the Gap pulled back. By October, that figure had fallen to less than 1,100. But the Gap still seems obsessed to narrow its gap, by any means necessary. Pressler, who ran Disney's theme parks before he joined the Gap in 2001, has made sure the retailer's return on customers to reverse the brand. A hedgehog of personalities have shifted for the chain recently, including executives Benetton and Commes, as part of the "Holiday in Your Hood" Christmas push. Eric Auld, Gap's president, says after he heard that, he pressed into service to sell the Gap's slung black pants. The diverse has belittled shoppers, especially middle-aged white guys who don't know how to dress themselves and years for the Gap's simpler days.

The lack of focus showing up in the company's financials. The Gap's holiday Christmas season additions are a tough series of decisions. In addition, the measure used to gauge retail performance. The company has said earnings per share for the year will be between \$1.85 and \$1.87 cents, compared to \$1.81 in last year. Pressler and the Gap's directors are reviewing their options, which many analysts presume means he will lose his job. Heads have already begun to roll. A number of the stores jumped ship last year. There's also speculation a private equity buyer will swallow the chain and fix it up to reach the same way Kmart and the Hudson's Bay Company are more recently merged. "Investors are valuing the company on one of its two core segments," says Ann Dinkel, an analyst with ING Investments in New York. "No one believes these guys can turn that thing around."

ANALYSTS SPECULATE THE ENTIRE EXECUTIVE TEAM COULD BE AXED



ALLIGATOR HOPKINS, 12 years after she died, was hired into service for the Gap

Retail has always been a fickle business. Fashion trends shift and companies that do too keep up fall by the wayside. Eventually even the hottest names in the business will be forced to change or die. If the Gap hopes to avoid going the way of the Road Shop, another name chain that fell out of favor and was sold off last year, the company will have to go further than it's been willing to so far. A few costs of retail and more striking solutions aren't the answer, say analysts. The Gap needs to completely rethink who its target customers are—regardless the 30 and 40-year-olds who open up to much time and money alienating. As for James Auld, still gets thousands of hits on the Internet, what does it mean to power one thing: people may not want to wear Gap clothes, but they'll come in to see someone talk the crap out of their kids' dad clothes. ■

BIMMER MADNESS

BMW sales are going through the roof—it's the car of choice for the parvenu on the go

BY JASON KERRY • For the hungry young stockholder in Canada, no car says, "You're rich, it's now time," quite like a shiny black BMW's does. With its 100+ hp 190-horse engine and sleek lines, the car is back to most cars the most prestigious caper. It's also down the German carmaker to the top of the numbers in its for Canadian automobile sales last year with more than 20,000 BMWs rolling off the line in a good showing from the company's popular Mini Cooper subsidiary, it was BMW's best performance over midlife this single year of success.

That's saying a lot in an industry stressed with the usual fall of field car-makers, victims of changing tastes and technologies. Can like the bestselling 3 Series (also known as the wheels of choice for the puny on the go) BMW wasn't alone in success last year. Imports, such as Mercedes-Benz and to a lesser extent Audi and Lexus, have all done well as business-toile for their markets for a more has rise. Mercedes unit sales jumped 31 per cent to 15,290 in the company rebounded from half a decade of punishing supply problems due to merger with Chrysler. But over the long run, BMW has earned out a better rate. "Mercedes tends to play on old models, while BMW plays on new ones," says Denise Desrosier, an auto analyst in Toronto. "An investment in new models has been created recently, and BMW has very consciously positioned itself to have that youthful new image again."

That's clear from BMW's instantly recognizable gleaming wheel design. Several years ago, the Canadian head office pushed its dealers to reject millions of dollars to overhaul their three dealerships with a unified design. The whole build just off Toronto's Don Valley Parkway became a giant billboard, with cars parked behind floor to ceiling windows on the three upper levels. At night, they seem to hover in the darkness. The dealerships are all grey-white, inside and out. It gives them a wide smile to what Apple achieved with its ivory iPod and laptops. The colour scheme also helps to fill visitors, which is handy when you're trying to part someone from \$175,000 for a 750i sedan.

The wheels, of course, are the key to BMW's success over the last decade and half. Analysts note the company has been adept at introducing new models and regularly updating the existing lineup, all while keeping costs reasonable. (The 3 Series, first developed in the mid-1970s, starts at \$14,000.) As Bruce Jones, BMW's Vancouver, more than 30 cars and models fill the massive showroom. In early January, a handful of thirty

things landed a Vancouver store to check out the car on offer. Jones, when dealing with more BMWs than any other in Canada, expects the younger crowd to add to the car's reputation for high performance. "If you like to fly your car around the corner, you're going to buy a BMW," says Jones. "But if you really like driving and you just want a comfortable soft ride, you'll get a Mercedes. Maybe even a Lexus."

Jones can crow now, but there's no guarantee the next 10 years will offer a repeat performance for BMW. Analysts are watching closely in Lexus, owned by Toyota, steps up its assault on the German automaker. As the current Detroit auto crisis, Lexus unveiled a new family of performance vehicles, starting with the 400-hp LS-F. But for the time being, industry watchers say BMW has a tight grip on the young and affluent class. "BMW is still the world standard in executive cars," says Jeremy Cam, an automotive analyst in Vancouver. "The other guys would like to have one, and they're trying, but BMW is the best." ■



MUD PUNISHMENT FOR LAW-BREAKING ENFORCER
Chris Shankel, who is in charge of Venaco, Inc. environmental regulations enforcement, decided to off-road racing in protected wilderness with his wife and father-in-law recently. The wilderness didn't take kindly to their vehicles like their dad. He called for help but each family member arrived also got stuck, jamming up the wilderness with Jeep, Ford, a Hummer and a tractor. A court has sentenced Shankel to 25 hours of community service.



ONE BENEFIT of outdoor school, a Danish study found, was fewer colds and sore throats

Everybody in the vegetable patch!

**No desks, no pencils:
Welcome to the U.K.'s
first outdoor preschool**

BY CYNTHIA RYDHOLM • There are no playgrounds or swing sets at the Secret Garden nursery school in Fife, Scotland. Nor are there buses packed with toys in the nursery. In fact, there is no nursery. When the odd Scottish mum starts to fall, Corley Bache and her group of eight preschoolers, aged 2 to 5, get out their raincoats and rubber boots and go for a hike. When the temperature dips below zero, they bundle up and head for a walk in the woods, where one mum is a fox, over which, like bunnies, they race around eleven times. And (as happened recently), a boy accidentally falls into the stream, such is life, the next day the group goes back. "The parents wanted a more robust lifestyle for their kids," Bache says, "and the kids love it."

Bache runs the U.K.'s first outdoors-in-all-weather nursery school, and it might surprise parents how well the kids love it. The curriculum consists of daily hikes (the children lead the way), raising chickens and feeding lambs at a nearby family farm, and learning the basics of vegetable gardening. Kids do learn the usual preschool stuff: They practice shapes by comparing leaves from oak and birch, and by picking up and examining fungi. They learn colors by studying fall leaves or the bark of birch.

The government sees the merits of this approach, it's paying for more programs like Bache's. In fact, Bache received a \$22,000 grant to expand her Secret Garden child care service, which she began in 2005, into a registered nursery school for 24 children, which is set to open next fall.

Bache got the idea for the Secret Garden while in Norway. Scandinavia has a rich tradition of outdoor preschools and kindergartens, going back to the '50s. One study in Denmark, where most communities have at least one walk preschool, shows that kids of outdoor schools suffer 80 per cent fewer contagious sicknesses, such as colds, sore throats and ear infections. Studies in Germany have found that kids are less aggressive and suffer fewer injuries. More than 100 of these so-called forest kindergartens now exist in that country. The idea is spreading elsewhere in Europe, including Switzerland, Lake-side School in Zurich has an outdoor preschool for three- and five-year-olds.

Primary through high schools in Asia, Africa and the U.S., are assessing the value of out-

door schooling. In 2003, the State Education and Environmental Roundtable, a U.S. organization examining what it terms "environment-based education"—where the local outdoors is used to teach state curricula—put out a study of 150 schools in 16 states. It found that students exposed to outdoor learning had improved marks in social studies, science, language and math. Two public middle schools in Portland, Ore., where teachers used local rivers, mountains and forests to teach lessons, 96 per cent of students met or exceeded state standards for math performance, compared with 65 per cent of grade eight at other schools. Student behavior also improved. A school in Minnesota reported that students in the outdoor program had 34 per cent fewer suspensions than other sixth graders. Disciplinary referrals at another school dropped from 560 to 50 the year its outdoor program was launched.

Building research in place-based education shows that learning in the community and collaborating with local governments and farms can also help small and mid-size communities keep young people. "It helps maintain to engage in civil society," says David Sobel, a professor at Antioch University in Keene, N.H., and an expert in place-based education. "It makes them better citizens."

Far from lacking enough to prove it, that is. In Canada, there's little support for the idea, despite our beautiful natural resources. The Toronto District School Board introduces just two one-day visits to an outdoor education facility in the year between junior kindergarten and Grade 8—and it's one of the better programs in the country. Mink Whitemoore, the program coordinator, notes that private schools do use outdoor as a priority. Upper Canada College students in Toronto can expect 16 such outdoor days by the end of Grade 9. But even in public schools, Whitemoore wanted to do more. "Whitemoore says that's getting difficult because, increasingly, the schools are not funded in a standardized and equitable in the provincial level."

Such lingering resistance to education reform is one reason Bache hopes to turn her nursery into a research facility. Every day she sees the positive effects of sending kids on a robust outdoor program. "There's no such freedom for children outdoors," she says. "It's up to us as adults to create the change."

SCHOOLYARD DRAWING: IT'S TEACHER'S TURN

Justen Kitzpatrick, a 42-year-old high-school teacher in Brookings, ME, was sent home from work last month after allegedly showing up drunk and passing a fight with a colleague. Authorities said he went round to harass his colleague by calling him on the phone all afternoon before returning to the school after classes let out, armed with a shotgun and bangalore tools. He was charged with aggravated harassment and trespassing.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF J. WICK/ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN

Sinus relief at night. Sinus relief during the day. Have we overlooked anything?





SIGNS OF HOPE: IN TRAIL, MOST STAFF COULDN'T IDENTIFY ANY SYMPTOMS OF PD IN Weiler, a woman, age 62-year-old with her illness



A LOT OF COUNTDOWN: An activity involving the final results of the experimental Wilfrid Laurier University exercise program



CAN A FEW SIMPLE MOVES HEAL HER?

Unlike most others with Parkinson's, Shirley Weiler is improving

BY DAVID HARKNESS • Shirley Weiler is one of those sweet, unassuming, almost painfully shy types. She's lived in the same country and half-old farmhouse, in the village of St. Agatha, Ont., near Waterloo, for 42 years, "and I've never lost footing in my neighborhood." At 62, she's now retired from her last job as an office manager. "It's always seemed to work like a factory because you could get a machine, or do something, and be joyful!" Weiler says. "I'm that kind of person, you know?" So when the first signs of Parkinson's disease—a quivering right foot—emerged in 2004, Weiler didn't tell anyone except her 68-year-old son, who lives in Europe, only found out this month. Nor did he say, the thought of publicizing what ails her in a national news magazine was mortifying. But there was something special about Weiler, and the way she's challenging the illness that, eventually, will almost certainly rob her of full independence. Unlike the vast majority of the 100,000 Canadians who have the disease, Weiler is, for now, actually getting better.

What causes Parkinson's is a mystery, although genetics are obviously involved, as

an environmental factor. There is no cure, but there is a silver of hope for slowing the disease's ravaging degenerative progression, mainly over exercising some of its debilitating symptoms. The secret lies in exercise, but not just any kind (the wrong type may actually do more harm than good). Weiler is one of the lucky few, part of an experimental 10-week rehab program in which the workers selected exercise three times a week, for about an hour each time.

Neurologist in a part of the brain called the substantia nigra produce a neurotransmitter called dopamine to control movement. With Parkinson's, these neurons die off. Previous research, however, has identified common exercises that stimulate the damaged areas. By subjecting patients like Weiler to workouts based on that data, researchers think they may prevent further degeneration of the substantia nigra, and stimulate dopamine production, says Quinn Almeida, director at Wilfrid Laurier University's Dementia Research and Rehabilitation Center in Waterloo. Almeida, who was once a Weiler's aide, calls his targeted exercises "a set, or a lot of" approach to treating the brain, and thinks his strategy won't only be used in tandem with medication. When Almeida first approached Weiler to take part in a series of exercises with Blackwell, she immediately balked at being the focus of

attention. Then her son convinced her she had to do it. "They saw the big change in me," says Weiler, an avid gardener and knitter who's generally been active all her life. "And so, if this [article] is going to help people with Parkinson's, I had to do it." She's adamant about one thing, though, knowing as she does that the data are only beginning to add up: "I don't want anybody trying 'me' or 'me,'" but it's helped her," Weiler says of the program. "It's just been amazing."

Canada has no government-subsidized services for Parkinson's disease. There simply isn't the body of scientific evidence out there necessary to categorically declare whether a particular exercise works. "We've tended to follow what the international community has done, and left it at that," Thibault charged last September, when Parkinson Society Canada awarded Almeida its new investigator award, along with \$50,000. With the funds, Almeida embarked on a two-year series of experiments to assess, with unprecedented scientific rigor, which exercises actually help Parkinson's patients.

Almeida's trials involve about 50 individuals, including Weiler, and are divided between his center in Waterloo and a YMCA in Oakville, Ont., just west of Toronto. The hope is to roll out a proven program in YMCA across Canada after the study is completed. But it's not as though there hasn't been previous efforts. In 2001, Parkinson Society Canada published recommended exercises, but they lack the proof of efficacy Almeida hopes to establish. Says Joyce Gardner, the group's CEO: "We have someone look at providing guidance, some standards that have some science behind them that actually show that they work, would be a huge step forward," Gardner says.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YVES DES ROSIERS

Early one morning, June Johnston, 21, a dance-drama major in her first year of a master's in kinesiology, part Weiler and her other patients through their regimen at the rehab center, located in an old elementary school "Old House" that had good" Johnston says "Love it! Love it!" There are four men and seven women in her class, and all look to be in their 60s. Each is struggling with Parkinson symptoms of varying degrees of severity, including tremors, balance issues, a shorter than normal gait, stiffness in the limbs and trunk and general dizziness in moving.

THE KEY TO THE TRIAL PROGRAM IS EXERCISE, BUT NOT JUST ANY KIND. THE WRONG TYPE MAY DO HARM.

Weiler is the least affected of the bunch. She makes a slight squint, her only obvious symptom a slight quiver in her right foot, and a shuffling right hand that worsens when she's nervous, which is often. With everyone sitting on the edge of their chairs, Johnston has the patients cross their legs, as if to make resting on the knee. She instructs them to push down on their legs with an elbow. "Get it as close to horizontal as possible," she shouts, making encouragement for strength, Weiler grabs a pair of elastic resistance bands tied to the legs of her chair, and raises her arms parallel to the floor. On the portable CD player, Mariah and the Van

Depps belt out the Mission: Impossible as the first. After holding the position for several seconds, she lowers her arms, then repeats the move. She shakes out her shoulders before moving on to a set of bicep curls with the same bands. Weiler dismounts the workout's exercises, making of patients progress. Prior to starting classes, each participant was

put through a series of evaluative tests to establish a baseline, including measuring the length of the person's gait and the ability to perform tasks requiring hand-eye coordination. When Weiler's trial wrapped up last month, the same tests were done again, and the results of trials will now be compared.

Weiler's known all along that she's made progress. When she started, she was slow and stiff in the morning. The treatment aims that she need to be more active effectively ("I was always the kind of person who would run down the stairs, putting on a sock, you

In our life, being, being, bang, bang, bang, right?") were now a challenge, requiring that she steady herself with a hand against the wall. She often shifted. Three months later, she's back to almost normal, and goes down the stairs like a teenager. "I can do all this stuff I got rid of the stiffness in my right side."

In the lead northern front Weiler's case, three researchers out. In the United States, the gold standard for measuring the disease, the researchers test several parameters, including hand movements, posture and balance, and rates each on a scale of zero to four. The lower the total score, the better. At the start of the program, Weiler rated just a 3—5 out of 4, but not insignificant either. After the

program, in what Almeida considers "possibly the most important result," she was down to 2.5, equivalent to what many seniors at four Parkinson's centers. "Of course, this has to be taken with a grain of salt," Almeida says. "Hopefully this represents the trend for all participants in the study."

Weiler's stride length, as measured by an electronic pad with the strands of sensors, had also improved, increasing by up to 10 centimeters. And in a third test, in which she had to insert 15 pegs into a pre-drilled board, then remove them all, Weiler's time was decreased by as much as 14 seconds. Taken as a whole, Weiler's results are "extremely encouraging," Almeida says. "Many of our staff couldn't identify any symptoms of Parkinson's disease at all [in her]. A lot of countries will be anxiously awaiting the final results of these studies." The others in the class all seem to have improved, too, Weiler says, based on just looking at them. But because of privacy concerns, how they actually fared will have to wait until Almeida's anonymous results are published in a scientific journal.

Almeida's not a doctor, he says, but he may be on the right track. He's currently made a comment of Weiler: "My life, and all, has taken a divine with Parkinson's, you know?" Weiler says. "And now that I can move [in the course], I feel like the Almighty has put me on the right road again." ■

PASS THE CHEESE, PLEASE

Women trying to keep their weight down may want to turn to full-fat dairy products. In a study of more than 10,000 middle-aged women, Swedish researchers found that those who ate at least one daily serving of whole milk or cheese were less likely to gain weight in the long term than those who didn't. While other research indicates that some dairy products regularly let, even the authors of this study are puzzled by the results.



A LONG STRANGE TRIP

AS THE SMALL PLANE dragged down through the twilight towards the runway at Quebec City's Jean Lesage airport, it must have been somewhere in the back of Myriam Bédard's mind. That when once this motor-driven 13 years ago when a spin doctor's private jet whisked her to a very different town, cheering crowd that greeted the double gold medalist, Canada's Queen of the Little Hammer Games. A month later brought her to a grand civic reception in her hometown, the nearby suburb of Lével, where, through snows followed with laurels and home made signs of congratulations.

Last week, the medalist belonged to the RCMP, and it was detectives from the Service de police de Québec who wanted for her on the apron, their grey sedans desired for the local detention centre. But not before an obliging, dresswoman sent through an airfield gate guarded by dozens of members of the media. A full-body "perp walk" that provided a very different picture of the three-time Olympic medalist on the headline—only and visibly fagged after 14 days in a U.S. jail, brought home no face charges of kidnapping her 12-year-old daughter.

But Bédard's arrest on Dec. 22—the birthday she shares with Maude, her only daughter in a roadside motel in the sprawling commuter hubbub between Washington and

An abduction charge, estranged family and a man of mystery—Myriam Bédard's fall from grace

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE,
COLIN CAMPBELL AND CATHY GULLI

Lebanon, was just the latest chapter in her long, strange descent from the top of the podium. Divorced, estranged from her friends, at odds with her former sponsors and employers, the one-time gold medalist seems lost. The host's spoken to her family in nearly four years. At Québec's Palais de Justice, the morning after her repatriation, Bédard, her mother, tried to confront her as she was released on bail, then fleeing into a car for a high-speed pursuit off her airport (SLV). There have been local businesses, multiple court battles with creditors, and her house is currently being sold as a supplementary measure of paying the sponsorship scandal. She and her new husband, the artist Naim Muthian, allege that they are victims of "harmaceutical terrorism" without any forces plotting their downfall—only their deaths—in a spirit for her whole blowing. And both are facing charges—of theft in connection with the alleged disappearance of \$100,000 worth of another person's credit, she

of abduction in violation of a custody order that could limit their substantial past current of consent. Once Québec's sweetheart, Myriam Bédard is now the groomer's No. 1 zero city—proof that when champions stumble, they have a lot farther to fall.

MYRIAM BÉDARD WON the race of her life on a pair of nitro-anal skis. In the confusion before the start of the 75 km biathlon in Lillehammer, she grabbed one from her spirit set, and another from the pair that had earned her to her first gold a week earlier in the 15 km race. The two jobs were different—the left ski didn't seem to grip much, she said later—Lillehammer biathlete Bédard was simply too blood-minded to lose. Her once from behind victory stands as one of Canada's greatest-ever Olympic performances.

It was her silver medalist's face that always set her apart. At five feet three, and just

with it, Bédard wasn't physically imposing—“Bill the kids, I've got some giant Amos,” she instructed reporters after her gold—but her mental toughness was unique indeed. “I think she had the ultimate self-discipline,” says Kay Riddi, a long-time biathlon Canada executive, and now the chairman of its board. He recalls a Canadian championship held in Whistler, where the weather slipped to just 0°C. Riddi says she had had a bad day, and was about to quit. But Bédard, wearing a mask to protect herself from frostbite, was alone running in the snow.

In Norway, Bédard took her solitary ways to a reinvention, usually supporting herself for the duration of the Games. She spent her downtime in her room, at her meals by herself, and, finally afraid that all her hard work would be undermined by a cold or the flu, refused to share beds with other athletes.

Two years before, in Albertville, France,

from her baby-sitting money to go to the Olympics, Myriam said at the time. “So every week she got \$10 or \$20 and I cost them \$1,000 they could ill afford, but every one agreed it was worth it. Afterwards, the biathlon medal was made when I was treated to my parents to win the week's holiday.” Myriam always has surprise for us. “There had to be months following her Lillehammer victory, Myriam Bédard became one of Canada's most celebrated figures. She appeared on the covers of *Clash*, *Fora*, *Max*, and at the head of Macdonald's Honour Roll. Sports men looked to her for winning persona. She even had her own Wheaties bar. In Québec, the newspapers and supermarket shelves were filled with glowing reports of her dream marriage, that April to long-time boyfriend and fellow biathlete Jean Paquet. That the pair went in secret, dressed in Haneson clothes on the beach

was hardly her greedy. The insurance firm claimed Bédard said her new agent, Jean-Marc St. Pierre—Maude's former skating director—named down \$300,000 a year, demanding half a million in cash, close to five times her pre-Lillehammer deal. St. Pierre said it was all a misunderstanding—that was the price for an on-course arrangement, but Maude could still buy in for as little as \$50,000—but the bridge was burned. Little more, since other sponsors, including Via Rail, rushed to fill the gap.

Bédard also developed serious health problems after Maude's birth—hyperthyroidism, chronic fatigue, food allergies—which kept her from competing in the 1994 Winter Olympics. She was now considered a case for optimism. She fired her coach and took charge of her own training. There was little improvement. By the 1996 Games in Nagano, Japan, Bédard was no longer a medal threat. She finished 50th in the 15 km, and 55th in the 7.5 km sprint.

Bédard raced her final biathlon in 1998, on the Vancouver course where she got her start, finishing well back in the pack. But as with many high-performance athletes, the idea of retirement didn't sit well. She harboured dreams of future Olympics and international events. First taking up skiing, and then speed skating, Bédard would later say that she was looking for something to help her get through the trauma of her unraveling marriage to Paquet, but she never found it. The other sports were too risky, said the community leader. To this day, Bédard harbours a grudge against Catherine Le May-Dost, accusing her to have double-Olympic champion of refusing to tell her a year of stress.



EX-HUSBAND Jean Paquet begged her to bring Maude home

in Milan, away from all their family and friends, only added to the romance. A couple of months later, it was more happy news—a baby was on the way. Maude was born at Québec City hospital that Dec. 22, her mother's 29th birthday.

But the sweet champagne of victory turned to drinking a bitter aftertaste. In June 1998, when Bédard's sponsorship agreement with Maude was up for renewal, she was dropped in a very public and humiliating fashion. The company that only a year before had been talking about the biathlete having “a job for life” now wrote to tell her Olympic

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT Naim Muthian that suggests hidden depths. He speaks quietly, forcing you to edge closer, and keeps his hands close to his body. The words follow the narrow gorge. And despite his appearance, skin and body with the lean, the clean lines, and the soft, the soft of a young man, the simple proof that there had the entire package going for charming.

Starting in 1993, Muthian, an unknown artist, convinced 165 prominent Québec

warm, including journalists Ghislain Hébert, Stéphane Courty, justice clerk Leticia Dussan-Delisle, and former Ontario Democratic Party Power Corp. president André Desrosiers, to let him take their photographs for a book project. The result, *Les Arabes d'ici*, published as former accomplice au Québec, appeared in 2001 by Éditions, a division of Québec, isn't remarkable for its accuracy or its accuracy, it did change the course of Myriam Bédard's life. The former Olympic champion is the 38th person, pictured leaping against snow-capped roofs, smiling over her shoulder, wearing a white and black, hooded jacket. Her features are filled with children's beauty. At the bottom of the page she had scribbled a name, her's, done in girlish bubble letters: "Clémentine Jean de corp sein?" (A healthy spirit in a healthy body?) A couple of dozen pages away is a picture of Ghislain Courty, the late Québec partner with whom Bédard used to share a studio, and 19 of his warm words he now cherishes with smiling.

'HE HAS CONTROL OVER HER,' BÉDARD'S SISTER SAYS, AND PART OF HIS BRAINWASHING IS TO MAKE HER EAT TABOULEH

Myriam, who came to Canada as a refugee from Iran in 1984, is also a man of mystery. The profile to *Les Arabes d'ici* provides the official biographical sketch. Bédard was an artist and research documents during his youth in Tehran, it says, and a fierce opponent of the Shah's dictatorship. Starting at 16, the young artist was imprisoned and tortured multiple times by the state, and finally fled Iran when he was threatened with execution by the new regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini. He arrived in Montreal with no passport or visa, his only knowledge of Canada gleaned from a biography of Dr. Nor-man Bethune. Bédard won't say much more than that in interviews, and the federal government declines to provide any details about his refugee claim.

Bédard's estranged family, however, have described him in someone else gives to glorify his boasting. Myriam claims to have made a fortune in Iran, through a factory he owns that manufactures counterfeit Miracles car parts, says Pierre Bédard. He also says he became a co-founder of radio *Iran* after fleeing Tehran for Paris. And next fall, Myriam has reportedly told friends that Nina "knew" about the Sept. 11 attacks,

"months in advance," but lost the FBI and RCMP would not back his story.

Whatever his background, Bédard quickly found a network in Myriam Bédard's company. They moved in together, and started a marketing company. In March, within months of hooking up, to say this Bédard family was happy with the arrangement would be an understatement. They quickly grew to distrust their new spouse, most especially her mother, and two sisters.

The breaking point came in late 2003.



shier, road reporters "She's on his chest. We can't do anything for her." Part of Bédard's "brainwashing" strategy in forcing her sister to eat tabouleh, she charged.

The failed restaurant venture also left behind a lot of unhappy employees and creditors. One Québec newspaper estimated the bill as high as many as 10 million over the months, forcing the high turnover to displace over money. A local heating oil company sued Bédard and Myriam for \$12,400 unpaid bill, eventually obtaining a court order to seize the amount from her bank accounts (Myriam accepted to call Jean Charest as a character witness during the trial, but the former prime minister didn't show). Another Lévesque resident sued the pair for a real estate and home renovation deal that went sour, even while paying \$6,600. (The legal fees have continued since the pair returned to Montreal. Next fall, a dispute over a broken lease for a 2002 Mazda ML140 SUV will go to court.) The sister claims that the couple will owe \$25,634.66 in payments, penalties and interest. Myriam and Bédard control that



BÉDARD with Nina Heather: Lawyer John Pepper (above).

problems with the car's sound system and other technical difficulties, that were never adequately repaired, caused them "a lot of severe health and financial problems."

Meanwhile, the Olympic champion and her sister are still the talk of the neighborhood. "It was a high class. The wife was a funny color and all the chairs were mismatched. They didn't seem to put much of an effort into it," says Michael Andrews, who once as a nearby art gallery. Louise Bédard, his wife, says everyone was taken with myriam about the pair's lavish lifestyle and pampered doings with staff and suppliers. She talked

HAPPY TIMES: Bédard with Heide, and Pepper. Things began to unravel soon after.

to Myriam about renting the still empty space when the cafe closed. He gave her an auto graphed copy of his book. "She was really friendly, but he was kind of weird. When I saw the two of them together, it never made any sense."

FOR MOST CANADIANS, Myriam Bédard's travel sensation from here to there was ended last on the afternoon of March 24, 2004. That's when the former Olympic champion appeared before a parliamentary committee probing the sponsorship scandal and blew off hot her. She began her testimony by introducing Myriam to the committee, crediting him with informing her about the Canadian to leave Canada out of Iraq. "Ladies and gentlemen, Canada didn't get involved in the war because Nina Bédard gave the Prime Minister a letter advice."

Although the members of the committee seemed so impressed with their celebrity "whistle blower" to see it (Diane Ablonczy called Bédard "a world class straight shooter"), things just got weirder. Bédard, who worked in Visa Rail's Montreal marketing department for a little more than a year, claimed that she was personally fired from her job in early 2003 by chairman Jean-Pierre Lortie, for asking too many questions about warrant contracts routed through Group 5, one of the central players in the scandal. Then, with her testimony protected by parliamentary privilege, she dropped a couple of bombshells: Jacques Villeneuve was paid US\$10 million to wear the word "Canada" on his racing suit, she said, subsidizing the colonization in St. Pierre. Her brother Pierre and her cousin, Vice President Marc Lévesque allegedly told her, he was involved in drug trafficking. Of course, by the time Bédard testified, both Villeneuve and Lévesque had been fired, in large part because they had the temerity to publicly question the Olympic's career when she was in the press with details of her sponsorship struggles.

None of Bédard's allegations were proven and no evidence was offered to suggest any truth about Villeneuve's business partner Greg Pollock, called the report "absolutely the biggest lie of the century." Federal documents showed that the center of the sister's lawsuit with the sponsorship program was the \$1,300 payment, in 1997 (Jean Bédard, the Olympic head of Government, denied any involvement in the drug trade). "The accusations were ridiculous lies," he said.

In fact, in April 2004, an independent arbitrator concluded that rather than lying



Lévesque, Bédard was "credible in group dynamics" and "had brilliant on," he said. The report concluded that there was ample evidence that Bédard was not happy with her job and openly told us written that she planned to start her own company.

OPEN LETTERS addressed to Kofi Annan, Prime Minister of Montreal, and "all the inhabitants of earth," don't usually help much against new editors. But this time, they aren't actually signed by an Olympic champion. This past October, Bédard and Myriam announced their intention to quit Canada, seemingly for good, in two public letters. The first, sent Sept. 15, and addressed to Stephen Harper and Jean Charest, pleaded for government intervention because, "terrorism is ruining Canada and the RCMP is sleeping." Since 2004, the machinery of political terrorism has been used to terrorize and demolish our lives through various government measures, sometimes that rob us of our lives of the future of Quebec, and in putting the strings of certain judges...no the

HER SPONSOR DROPPED HER IN A PUBLIC AND HUMILIATING WAY, SAYING THE OLYMPIC WIN HAD MADE HER GREEDY

from Don Vito, she quit, and that Villeneuve had no lead in her departure. Bédard, he said, had secretly accepted \$100,000 in work from Vito to be in March, the company she owned with Myriam. After her departure, the money received an invoice for \$100,000 for a website project. After negotiations, the bill was reduced to \$10,000, and the material was used on the French language website. But the English version never made it to cyberspace because it "was virtually unacceptable language." And his report also painted an unflattering picture of the Olympics. Lévesque said that the relations between Bédard and her co-workers were so strained that "he had to move her and was only related off at one ceremony of the 1998." In one instance, the report said Lévesque described how "she demanded to have a particular chair for her desk, which he said would have cost over \$5,000." Lévesque said he eventually bought a \$5,000 chair. Bédard said it was closer to \$100.

At all, Bédard received little praise from her brother. Her superior, Kofi Bédard, said the crew sign that "there were only two people of any importance in her mind, herself and president and CEO Marc Lévesque." Bédard was "credibly in group dynamics" and "had brilliant on," he said. The report concluded that there was ample evidence that Bédard was not happy with her job and openly told us written that she planned to start her own company.

The "terrorism" movement that Bédard and Myriam tried to appear to be primarily the theft charged against them in June 2004. They say the accusations are trumped up and made in retaliation for her whistle blowing. And the police investigation cannot further speak with her family. Pierre Bédard told police that he wasn't sure if he saw his sister in his house in 2004, and that the Canadian women were alleged to have disappeared, at request of his daughter. Myriam's response was scathing: "He can't even remember who he had for dinner last night."

Bédard has become an increasingly no-

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In *The Daily Show* running out of steam? Two years ago, the "fake news" comedy show was the hottest thing on basic cable (and mostly not a bad cable performer). But last month, *Comics* A.E. Critic Nadine Huberman wrote that "the mystery, wonder and freshness are gone." With the departure of executive producer/karlins—who has been working on the show ever since Jon Stewart became its host—it may be time to ask: how much ratings is left in comic jokes about political news?

Karlins has been a bit cryptic about why he left, he gave an interview to *New York mag* in which he said: "nothing about his decision, but said that the comedy business had changed him of the ability to find most things funny." "You definitely got more critical about comedy." The laugh empire has been divided. The former writer for the main branch of *The Onion*, whom Stewart brought on board to give *The Daily Show* a similarly absurdist take on world news, is moving on to find what he calls "a new way of engaging the audience." Meanwhile, the new show runner, a former *host* David Letterman, who was once to leave the show before Karlins announced his departure.

But it's starting to seem that even that particular source of comedy isn't without its limitations. The jokes in each episode of *The Daily Show* now follow a rigid pattern: either they show a clip of a politician saying something stupid, followed by a cut to Stewart's shocked/laughed expressions, or Stewart has to deal with a fake news "correspondent" who doesn't quite understand what is going on in the world. The show can still be funny, but at the same time, it can be predictable—just in Karlins's version because *predictable*.

And it's sometimes getting overshadowed by the programs that follow it: *The Daily Show*'s own rival, *The Colbert Report*, which Stewart and Karlins helped create but don't run day-to-day. Whereas in 2004 Stewart became an international news for telling off the hosts of CNN's *Crossfire*, in 2006 all the publicity and attention went to Stephen Colbert for his memorable speech at the White House Correspondents' Dinner, where (instead of telling off a couple of news hosts, he told off the President of the United States). On the last night of the 2006 season, it became apparent which of the two shows was willing to take chances and which one was in a rut. While *The Daily Show* did a fun but serious

show, *Stewart* was comfortable decline when he was in the department, and *The Daily Show* has lost other people besides Karlins. Most of the cast members from the 2004 season, when the U.S. presidential election helped the show expand its audience and influence, are no longer there. Steve Carell, the most popular cast member after Colbert, moved on to *Weekend Update* and TV studios. Ed Helms (who joined the show in 2003)

The comedy everyone used to talk about just isn't as fresh or funny as it used to be

BY JAIME J. WEINMAN

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO 'THE DAILY SHOW'?

When Stewart took over the show from previous host Craig T. Nelson in 1999, it had become a safe after three years in existence. It mostly consisted of ironic pieces where comedians asked foolish questions and dared people into giving up their answers. People were starting to get tired of that kind of humor, they didn't know that Sacha Baron Cohen would come along seven years later and make a whole movie out of it. Stewart and Karlins realized the show had to move political, leaving the mock any not an regular people but on those who deserved to be mocked: politicians and political figures.

JOHN STEWART with (left to right) Steve Carell, Stephen Colbert, Ed Helms, Rob Corddry and Samantha Bee

When Stewart took over the show from previous host Craig T. Nelson in 1999, it had become a safe after three years in existence. It mostly consisted of ironic pieces where comedians asked foolish questions and dared people into giving up their answers. People were starting to get tired of that kind of humor, they didn't know that Sacha Baron Cohen would come along seven years later and make a whole movie out of it. Stewart and Karlins realized the show had to move political, leaving the mock any not an regular people but on those who deserved to be mocked: politicians and political figures.

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when seems to be evolving into his adjusting the behavior to fit the new performers' styles, especially the way they enter and exit the scene.

One of the secrets of *The Daily Show's* success is that, in no way when stand-up comedy rules the roost, it has revealed the style of the old-fashioned comedy team. Most routines



NOW ACTUAL NEWS CHANNELS ARE DOING WHAT STEWART DOES

leave viewers at the straight end, landing on up lines to add correspondents. But for a comedy team to be effective, the funny partner has to have a clearly defined comic personality. Colbert became the embodiment of the arrogant, condescending journalist with totally unfounded self-confidence—a character he has carried over to *The Colbert Report*, while Carlini created a sense of barely concealed hostility to Stewart.

Many of the new cast members haven't created strong characters. Only John Oliver, *The Daily Show's* first British correspondent, has had some success parodying the familiar cable-news figure of the condescending English reporter. But Don Bellisario, who replaced Colbert, has tried to play a witty, angry character who isn't recognizable as a parody of any kind of TV news figure. And Rob Riggle, the most recent addition to the cast, is such a non-specific character that most news programs on his focus on what he did as just Mike (a former Marine) rather than what he does on the show.

In the fall, when *The Daily Show's* first season arrived, *The Daily Show* stole a kiss from a bunch of generic parodies of the typical dutiful reporter. Stewart and Javert were still there, but some of that generic feeling is coming back. "The best *Daily Show* bits avoided being standardized news spoofs—a credible version of 'Weekend Update' on *Saturday Night Live*—by adding an extra layer of pathos under the parody. Carlini's 'Producer Pete' was both a satire of food advice programming and a funny piece of character comedy, where the TV personality played by Carlini seemed sincerely disgusted with the necessity to look upshot all the time. Even on a fake news show, character was important.

And it's this characterization that has allowed *The Colbert Report* to surpass its parent show in terms of influence and notoriety: not only because Carlini is playing serious news with outrageous results and on a back story of having reforming his fear of Obama and his failed career as a novelist, but there is almost as much a situation comedy as a parody; people tune in not only to hear jokes about the day's news, but to see what Col-



bert's character is up to. People need to want to see what Colbert was up to on *The Daily Show*, or, worse, Rob Corddry's clueless farce when an interviewee didn't respond nicely as he expected. Without that element of character comedy, all that's left is a series of jokes about cracked politicians and wiped news anchors. And you can get those jokes on any late-night talk show, without having to pay for cable.

Even the other function of *The Daily Show*—as an oasis of sanity in the midst of the chaos

TALENT DRAIN (Clockwise) Carlini in the 40-Year-Old Virgin and *The Office*; Colbert at the famous dinner and on his own show

world of modern news—is increasingly being copied by other shows. In his *Crawford* appearance, Stewart accused CNN of "touring America," and declared that even though he was a comedian, he wasn't just out to amuse people ("I'm not going to be your enemy"). Despite his occasional doubts of any serious purpose, he was making out *The Daily Show's* territory: the funny show with serious anger about the direction of politics and news.

But now, actual news channels are starting to tap into Stewart's audience. Keith Olbermann, the host of the MSNBC news-and-commentary show *Countdown*, has become an unexpected success by combining sarcastic humor with long, outraged "Special Comment" segments about the evils of modern politicians. Rightly or wrongly, he's trying to present himself as the person who'll cut through the talking points and tell the truth; but that used to be Stewart's job. How is he supposed to be the Louie-Louie Man when there are now some would-be Late Late Men in the world of actual news programming?

There are signs that *The Daily Show* is coming to freedom as writing now that the new crew is in place. Stewart and his team have added a member of veteran writers to the staff, like Josh Lieb (Montclair) and Dana Sterling (King of the Hill)—people whose sitcom experience may help them write the character comedy that good *Daily Show* segments require. But what the show really needs for one of its cast members to step up and become the new Colbert or Carlini—a person who's somehow recognizable as a parody. Until that happens, *Daily Show* viewers may have to settle for quacking ducks. ■



SADOMASO BUREAU. ACCORDING TO TV "Buddie Huxley was executed in 1 week by hanging. Or, as they call it on an in-flight, by natural causes." —Jim Leno "Have many boys been in Times Square for New Year's Eve? They celebrate by dropping a bell off a reel. In this they celebrate by dropping the disaster through the floor." —David Letterman "Males are now pretending violently and say they won't rest until authorities set hang him." —Johnny Knoxville



O'TOOLE AND WHITTAKER in *Venus* The relationship, by turns hilarious and tender, is quite unlike anything we've seen between

The last taboo: geriatric romance

With his Oscar-worthy turn in 'Venus,' Peter O'Toole leads a new wave of lovesick seniors

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Like many industry besotted with youth, the notion of someone over 50 falling in love, as expressing just, is usually played for laughs. You get Jack Nicholson blundering into a naked Diane Keaton in *Something's a Goin' On*. Or a romance comedy featuring a simpleton as the older man (John Cusack) in *Love's Labor Lost*. Or a more serious, then aging flesh. Luckily, however, we've seen some films that dare to take older romance seriously.

Sam's *Palley's* *Body from Hell*—which hit Sundance next week—is a metaphorical prelude to the Toronto festival—star John Cusack, 41, and Gordon Pinson, 76, as a married couple estranged by Alzheimer's. It's one of the most touching love stories in years. In *Notes on a Scandal*, Judi Dench, 73, plays a cunning career who entraps Cate Blanchett in a web of sexual blackmail. And now in *Venus*, Peter O'Toole, 74, plays the year's most realistic romantic lead: a genuine film of a man with a woman more than half a century his junior.

It's a daring premise, and it could so easily curdle into something unavailing: the sentimental redemption of a dirty old man. But O'Toole, skirting a delicate line between wit and pathos, enters his mission of romance, matched with remarkable charm. An elegant portrait of an actor as an old man, this is the kind of performance that is rarely made for the Academy. O'Toole has been Oscar nominated, but never won; his actor has received without winning. Last year the legendary role of Lawrence of Arabia accepted an honorary Oscar with some chagrin, declaring he was

"tired in the game." With *Venus*, he makes good on his promise: he's won the year's best actor contender for Best Actor.

Meanwhile, along for the ride, as a spin-off, good married comedy *Intimate Strangers* (O'Toole and Helen Mirren) are a pair of veteran romantics whose glory days are behind them. They play big parts in soap operas, as dying relatives and couples. Over coffee he tells her, she's a groupy old man driven by his old-fashioned principles, she's a woman who's been married for 40 years. They play the married couple of the young—"Oh, just a little, let's be young, romantic, their disgusting happiness and hope." Then, to his horror, his granddaughter, who's a teacher named Jane (Julie Walters), shows up on his doorstep and reveals herself to be a lesbian. Mission, an intricate lady's man, sees an opportunity: drawing the colorful young woman with sweet words, he calls her "Venus" and creates a quantic, hazy romance. The ending is a bit of a mess, but the movie is so good, it's quite unlike anything we've seen on screen.

Although *Mirror's* movie stars are likely correct—the woman never had a touch for her father's next to a lot he can do about it. Early in the film, he undergoes prostate surgery, which his doctor shrewdly predicts will leave her impotent and incontinent. So the chemistry between the two substitutes

of youth and desire means theoretical, and all the more electric because of it.

But there's more than a generation gap at work. As the tale of a Shakespearean actor leading poetry on an uneducated working-class girl, *Venus* is a Pygmalion coming-of-age story. And as the portrait of a septuagenarian Peter Pan, it's a coming-of-old-age story. Remember *Harold Krush* and director Roger Michell (*Notting Hill*) have played with this chemistry of age and class before—in *The Mother* (2001), starring David Craig in a romance who seduces an older woman that the range of *Venus* is in the setting.

The movie throws together two actors at opposite ends of their careers. O'Toole, pulling off one last great performance, and Whittaker, making a bold screen debut from out of drama school. He plays the invisible woman, happy to get the food in a hospital case. She's the impulsive object of desire, who discovers her beauty as an old man's muse, and in the process is still of the age of a young woman. The movie's real object of desire, however, is O'Toole, as the camera finds glimpses of youthful radiance in the desert plains of his face, or in those Adams blue eyes framed by awayward shock of hair.

Venus is flawed by some broad strokes of contrast: But O'Toole embodies the poet, and the woman with the nobility of an old man's grace and wit with his eyes, yet not ready to abandon his youth. ■



WE'RE STALKING MARILYN MANSON

Catching his "kissers," the movie's stunner, David Thewlis, has been trying to find the director. It only she could find Manson. They've been trying to find a year but not. Now, he's completed of Manson's boozing and Olympic-style life remembrance. "She tried to tell him she was divorcing him," a friend told a newspaper, "but she can't even get him on the phone. She moved out of the house and he hasn't even noticed."

A photograph of two stylized cartoon children with large eyes and brown hair, sitting in a pink and yellow inflatable pool. A yellow rubber duck is also in the water. The background is a green lawn with a white picket fence.

I mentioned P.D. James's thoughtful novel in my book. Then came the shriekingly bad film.

I read a novel in 1993, enjoyed it, and thought about its stark vision from time to time. The best dystopian novels have enormous technological grandeur (or at least characteristics of our time) scaled farward just a wee bit. Recently, I wrote a book about the demographic death spiral I've lately seen only on Western Europe, Russia and Japan (with China just a step behind), and I was of P.D. James' school there. To read a sequel rises from Tokyo about how local so many factories, facing an ever-shrinking market, had begun manufacturing talking dolls to console consumers for the elderly.

So I mentioned *Children of Men* in my book, and as a result over the last couple of weeks I've had a bunch of emails from folks furious at me for stifling 'em out of eight books for a lousy movie. Whoa, hold up, was trying to stuff you out of 30 books for a book. Whoa add anything about a movie?

FINALLY A BOO!
There's never been achievement on the big screen for the celebrated First American Indians by Stephen Herek—relegated since 1950—to society who just go

But, as *diffidly* done as it is, it winds up with the worst poetic blandness in any other dyspnoic effort. Curran had failed to grasp the specific situation P. D. James occupies. Let me give a small example. A few years ago I used to have a BBC arm show on which, sometimes, James was a fairly regular panel. We'd get her in to review the new lead novel, that sort of thing. I remember her telling me she preferred Tennyson's *Dear* because he pretty much removed all the sex and double entendres (which is why he nearly built the franchise). Each to her own. So I don't let her so say Lady James would not move the

way Courten's film translates her protagonist's strained Oxford English into standard Hollywoodese: "Fuck," "Fuck," "Jesus Christ," "Fuck," "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck." That is not how D. J. Foran writes. There is one innuendo word outburst in the novel, all the more effective for its isolation.

So the author would accord the referee's capriciousness an unimpeachable. But more importantly, she might wonder about their accuracy. In the book, the infidelity of any

ABOUT...GEN. JAMES WOLFE
 Any doubt about the magnitude of Walter's Plains of Abraham, at the cost of his own life, to power in Canada and opened the way for... What rests of Sir John (John) Wolfe's UP does, magnificently, is to tackle a debate that is Wolfe a great general or a bloodthirsty mediocrity. In glory, if not in personal survival?

But *Magnolia's* movie is a curious about-face in a sea of things. As true origin: export from golden Hollywood, *de-Christman* turns the movie. A score in which a lower happily playing round the clear in the shop of Magnolia in London in Oxford is replaced by tree in which a nervous deer discovers through the corner of an abandoned literary school. It's not quite the same "Bloody animals," says the Magnolia chain. "They'll have it all soon enough. Who can't they wait?" The movie's image is very unusual. The book's use of outer emotional man-of-things, knowledge, art and beauty, all lost to the beauty and the jungle.

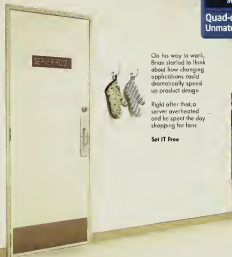
The clear of right one and right course filled in, living with them a memory of our best hours, by characters entering from

father with that almost imperceptible childish smugness, crossed arms holding the service sheets to their narrow chests, their smooth faces lit as if with an internal candle, their hair braided to gleaming caps, their faces preternaturally solemn above the starched collars. Then bounded the image, wondering why it was so prominent when he had never even cared for children.

The film insists like *Fire*—which is to say that, apart from Michael Caine, everyone in it is young: young transgressive leaders and young people pursued by young cops and young soldiers. But that's exactly what the novel has in short supply: roads crumble to mud because the employees of the state are too middle-aged to maintain the rural districts. Entirely accidentally, the metaphor of Casteiro's movie makes James' project a safety without youth is to alienate our assumptions about ourselves that we can't even allow a film about it. Which suggests that Hollywood itself—at least in its present incarnation—will be one of the casualties of

1	SANTE FRANCESCA by Irene Nemcevic	0.04
2	THE WIND FROM CASTLE ROCK by Alicia Muro	0.04
3	SECRETS FROM THE WARD, CAFE by Susan McLean	0.05
4	GIMMIE'S GAME by Peter Edge	0.08
5	RESTLESS by William Boyd	3.22
6	THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE by Mary Lawrence	3.23
7	THE CUSTODIAN OF PARADISE by Wylie Johnston	7.04
8	THE LAW OF DREAMS by Peter Berman	8.00
9	YHABEL by Guy Gavriel Kay	23
10	THE LAW OF THE LAKE by Richard Ford	40.00

THE SOC DELUSION	by Richard Dawkins	3 (01)
3 NISSEN IN CHINA	by Margaret MacMillan	2 (04)
3 MABLEY & ME	by John Grigson	2 (0)
4 THE ARCHITECTURE OF HAPPINESS	by Alain de Botton	1 (11)
5 THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE TRUMPET TALKER	by Bill Bryson	0 (15)
6 POWER OF ART	by Simon Schama	0 (12)
7 THROUGH THE CHILDREN'S GATE	by Adam Gopnick	4 (12)
8 CONFID & LADY BLACK	by Tom Fowler	3 (08)
9 RIGHT SIDE UP	by Paul Wells	10 (04)
10 THE UPSIDE OF DOWN	by Tobias Heinrich, David	0 (05)



On his way to work, Brian started to think about how changing applications could dramatically speed up product design.

Right after that, a server overheated and he spent the day shopping for fans.

Set It Free



HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN Carver (left) getting Best Director when Scorsese's winner got it, and legends like Hitchcock aren't on the list?

Why they should kill Best Director

Hey Oscar, how can someone be the best director if they didn't make the best movie?

BY ANDRE A. WEISBERG The Academy Award nominations haven't been announced, but people are asking the usual questions: Is this Martin Scorsese's year at last? Will the Best Director award be a bad joke? For a category that doesn't get as much publicity as the acting awards, Best Director is the most controversial—and the most inconspicuous.

Scorsese, who is likely to receive a nomination for his recent film *The Departed*, is on a long list of legendary U.S. directors who haven't been honored by the industry. Robert Altman, who died in December, never won any thing besides controversial lifetime achievement Oscar. Neither did Stanley Kubrick, Orson Welles, Alfred Hitchcock or Howard Hawks. If you make a list of the great directors of American film, you're likely to find that the list of those who never won is more impressive than the roster of winners.

Meanwhile, some of the actual choices have been so bad that they make Martin Scorsese's 1995 acting Oscar look sane. In 1991, a bunch of legitimate directors—including Scorsese, for *Goodfellas*—were beaten by Kevin Costner, for his self-directed western project *Destiny With Wolves*. Dances With Wolves, the winner of the best picture Oscar, says that Academy members don't vote for whatever is trendy. This leads to mistakes that seem unthinkable now—like Costner over Scorsese, or James Cameron for getting bad performances out of good actors in *Titanic*. "Nobody in the industry thought it was odd that Kevin Costner would win Best Director over Scorsese. It's only when you look back that the choice seems really strange," Rowe says.

Another factor is that since Robert Redford won for *Ordinary People* 26 years ago, many

of these awards have gone to famous actors who have turned to directing: notably Cameron, but more legitimate ones, directors like Mel Gibson, Steven Soderbergh, Ron Howard, and Clint Eastwood have taken home the honor. Some say that Academy voters, especially actors, are put off by successful cronies. "When they see one of their own branching out, they're more impressed than those of us on the outside would be."

Another problem with Best Director is built into the nature of the honor: there are no real criteria for identifying what the award is for. The awards for acting, writing, and making are for specific jobs. Best Director doesn't have one job, he or she supervises the work all those other people do. And since the Best Director job is completely separate from Best Picture—which goes only to the producers—it's always been up to the question: how can someone be the best director if he or she didn't make the best movie?

When the Academy Awards began in the late '20s, it made sense to give a separate award for directing. "The early winners," Bink explains, "the producers got used to the prize given to focus on the industry." So the award was set for producers, directors were rewarded for carrying on producers' wishes but rarely, do critics see more powerful and more producers do little more than use the

money. Which means, incongruously, that the biggest award on Oscar night often goes to build a career people you've never heard of, but not to the creator of the film. Not only does the Best Director award make the Academy Awards a joke, separating it from Best Picture has made them an understatement.

The supervisor has one advantage: a allows voters to honor a director's artistry even if they can't beat themselves to vote for his film. Bink compares that to the first few years of the Oscars, when there were separate awards for Best Picture and Best Artistic Achievement. "It's almost as if the Academy, these days, is giving Best Picture to what they see as the best overall production, and giving Best Director to what they see as the most artistically satisfying." That could explain the times when the Picture and Director awards have gone to different films. Last year, Best Picture went to Paul Haggis's ultra prosaic *Crash*, but Best Director went to Ang Lee for the very British *Brokeback Mountain*. Best Director is becoming a consolation prize for the movie that voters really think is the best.

One thing will never change, though, even if Scorsese wins that year: everyone will have a favorite director who never wins. Bink's own choice is Blake Edwards's *The Pink Panther*, "who has never even been nominated." But he adds that even the Academy got it right sometimes. "My favorite director of all time is John Ford, and he won four times, so I can't complain." ■

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PERFORMANCE OF THE WEEK FRUIT FLIES

For a production of Jean-Paul Sartre's *Death Without Honor*, a science student at Brown University was assigned to breed the cast. 30,000 fruit flies. Intended by Sartre to represent America's guilt over murdering his mother and her lover, the flies were encouraged to perform by playing rolling fruit on stage. After the show's run the 30,000 flies and were collected in airtight bags and delivered to death. Critics would have under stand

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taste



ROBINSON WAS SO IMPRESSED WITH CANADIAN WINES SHE'S DEVOTING A WHOLE COLUMN TO THEM IN A BRITISH NEWSPAPER THIS WEEK

Just in: The top 10 Canadian wines

Renowned authority Jancis Robinson tasted 60 of the country's best. Here are her picks.

BY JELIA WICKERELL • From Bordeaux to Napa, it doesn't get any better in the wine world than to receive the stamp of approval of British wine authority Jancis Robinson. The *Wine Spectator* just called Robinson's Oxford Companion to Wine "the greatest wine book ever published." Robinson's taste encounter with Canadian wines, "assorted whites" from Ontario, was at a tasting in London in 1976. "There was a bad, heavy wine I just wasn't enjoying." By the early 1980s, Robinson took part in a tasting of 60 of Canada's wine award-winning wines from B.C., Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia. Toronto sommelier Zoltan Bekes selected the 60 wines with help in procuring them from Jussi Desrosiers, wine promotion coordinator for International Trade Canada. Robinson was so impressed she is devoting her entire Jan. 31 column in *Robinson's Financial Times* to the subject of Canadian wine. In a sneak preview, she agreed to share her top 10 with *Maclean's*. Detailed tasting notes of these and other wines are available as of Jan. 31 at www.jancisrobinson.com.

10. Vin de Glace Vistel, 2004, an ice wine from Vignoble du Viniglac in Oshawa, Ont. Robinson tasted the sold-out 2004 vintage of Vin de Glace made from 100 per cent Vidal grapes, characterized by candied fruit flavors of apricot, mango and honey. The wine is priced at \$28 a bottle. The 2005 is available.

9. Riesling Jordanie, 2004, from Henry of Pelham Family Estate Winery in St. Catharines, Ont. "Stunning," said Robison. "Rich and viscous and luscious." The 2004 is widely available, priced at \$54.95 a bottle.

8. Le Grand Vin, 2004, a red Bordeaux blend from French winemaker Phylaxi-Made-

ven of Osoyoos Lake, a 25-hectare wine yard near Lake Osoyoos, B.C. "The winemaker is very land focused," said Robison. "When you're good fruit, you make good wine." The blend is primarily Merlot. The 2004 is still available, priced at \$40 a bottle.

7. Canadian Oak Cabernet Franc, 2002, from L'Amor Vineyard, a wine house "home born" to Robinson on the Lake, Ont. Assistant winemaker Colin Ferguson recalls that 2002 was a "nice, long, hot summer," adding that "our Cab Franc was a different note," which descriptive notes of great pepper and tobacco. L'Amor is the first vineyard in Canada to age wine in Canadian oak barrels. The 2002 is sold out, but the 2003 is available, sold by the vineyard. The 2004 will be available in the spring, priced at \$34.95 a bottle.

6. Riesling, 2006, from the Vignoble du Viniglac, B.C. The 2006, priced at \$19.99 a bottle, is almost sold out in the cellar but available in select B.C. restaurants and at Jancis Robison's Winery in Toronto. The wine is from the Old Vines Riesling, 2005, is being released this month, priced at \$24.99 a bottle.

5. Le Clos Jordanie Viniglac Pinot Noir, 2004, from Le Clos Jordanie, Jordan, Ont. The grapes are picked from a single vineyard. The 2004 is available in March 2007, priced at \$35 a bottle.

4. Okanagan, 2004, a red Bordeaux blend

from the Mission Hill Family Estate in the Okanagan Valley, B.C. "A lovely wine with aging potential," said Robison. The wine, not yet priced, will be released in September.

3. Mystic River Vineyards Gewürztraminer, 2005, from Wild Goose Vineyards, a family-run winery near Okanagan Falls, B.C. "Nice long body, refreshing and very long lasting finish," said Robison. The 2005 is sold out, but the 2006 can be bought for \$24.94 a bottle in April.

2. White Herings, 2003, from Seneca Ridge Estate Winery, Simcoe, Ont. B.C. The 2003 is a Sauvignon Blanc/Semillon blend from the year of the Okanagan's first. Seneca Ridge was under the impression it had sold out of 2003 but found a surprise inventory, still available and priced at \$21.99 a bottle.

1. Syrah, 2002, from Daniel Leduc Estate Winery, Rossmore, Ont. Robinson raves about this wine's "wonderful purity of flavor, spirit and density of fruit without any excess of alcohol. It also seemed to be a very pure expression of Syrah character and had a lovely texture without resorting to sweetness, high alcohol or excessive oak influence." The 2002 is sold out. The 2004 is available in February 2007 from the vineyard, priced at \$49.95 a bottle. Daniel Leduc and Mount St. Leon Oen Seneca are the winemakers. "I'd like to see producers I'd say to some northern B.C. producers I'd say to some stand up well to comparison with a top Cotes du Rhone," said Robinson. ■



TODAY'S SPECIAL... BARREL-AGED BEER

When it's time to relax with a cold one, there's nothing better than a barrel-aged beer. We've brewed the next award in two old Jim Beam bourbon casks. When he tried it a few days later, he found it totally new and highly enjoyable. We've brewed a barrel-aged beer, the beer is one of a growing category of beer aged in traditional barrels, unlike modern, mass-produced lagers that spend time in steel vats.



HAPPY JEALOUS people secretly do not trust the internet to be faithful, projecting their own thoughts of infidelity onto their partners

How to handle a jealous spouse

This therapist has seen it all, even a woman who wore a niqab to spy on her husband

BY JULIA MCKINSELL • It used to be that jealous women would hunt through her man's coat pockets for no-spices matchbooks or rifle through his closet for incriminating Amex statements. These days that's nothing, says psychotherapist Caryn Natall, who specializes in treating the "anxiously jealous" as her private practice in London, England. Natall's clients call her help from as far away as Canada and Africa. Most often clients—men are just as likely as women to seek therapy, she says—are in their 30s. Natall says an undiagnosed jealousy is more destructive in a relationship than infidelity. "Jealousy wears and wears on the other [non-jealous] person, whereas an affair can be a one off. It can be terminated."

By the age of 30, she says, her clients have had enough previous relationships to use the patterns they're repeating. "It was much less for the person suffering from jealousy as it is for the partner who is being accused of doing things. They know it's irrational and they're losing blazing rows on the street. Life is very hard for them," she says.

What's commonly advised, Natall is the demerit of some of her clients. "You are not the best source of the huge controversy that is going on over how best the wearing of the niqab [Arab face veil]," she says. "For a jealous person, it is the perfect garb in which to follow an errand partner without being detected—much cheaper than having a private detective." At least one of Natall's clients, a married Caucasian woman in her late 30s who was convinced her husband was cheating, has admitted using the niqab disguise. The woman's next-door neighbour was an Arab body dancer. "So [my client] knocked on the door and asked if she could borrow her niqab. So right away the neighbour said, 'Yes,

you going to spy on your husband?'" In the end, says Natall, the woman found out that following her husband was boring. "He was not up to any of the things she feared he might be," Natall explains from pasting judgment on the woman's screen name. In this case, discovering her husband's innocence improved the relationship immensely.

In another case, a male client desisted to send his wife under an assumed name. "The man was suspicious of his wife and suspicion of a particular person having designs on her. He emailed an email address and invited his wife to it as if it was from the other person. The wife wrote a very nice note back. She said, 'I'm married and thank you but no thank you.' It did wonders for their marriage."

Jealousy is really "the manifestation of insecurity and inferiority," says Natall. She advises partners to "reassure and compliment your [jealous] partner. Support them in building their self-confidence." In therapy, Natall asks clients to think back on their childhood. Can they recall an experience of feeling abandoned? "But often you don't get any clue from their background, so this can be a real hiccup."

Entanglement with a jealous person can be avoided if you know what to watch for, she says. If someone you've just started to date insists on having the complete list of

everyone you've ever slept with, there's something wrong. "Intentionally jealous people are as jealous of your relationships as they are of a glance of a party."

Many intensely jealous people usually do not trust themselves to be faithful, says Natall. The jealous person projects his or her own thoughts of infidelity onto their partner, accusing them of the very things they suspect themselves capable of. "When I challenge them on that they say, 'Well, you, too, right. I don't trust myself!'" Natall has one client who set a trap for her partner by placing one of her hairs on the phone before "distractingly" going out. "When she got back, she asked her partner whether he had used the phone. She was convinced he'd been on it and that he'd had. The hair was missing, but a lot of word could have been said."

Despite jealousy's destructiveness, relationships are still salvageable. Natall offers tips to maintain flare-ups. "For instance, if you expect to be home by 10 p.m., tell your [jealous] partner that you'll be back at midnight, then come home at 10. This will spare your partner a lot of angst." In her book *Dealing with Your Partner's Jealousy*, New Boston suggests that softening your voice is the best way to make an emotional intensity. Maintain eye contact, but if you're being accused of lying or fleeing, don't start explaining your way out of it. "Your partner may see your explanation 'in evidence that she's correct, thinking that if she were innocent, you would not have a need to defend yourself.'" ■



MOST IMPROVED KYLIE MINOGUE

Australia's pop princess vaulted over three-time winner Kate Winslet this year to take the top spot on British Glamour's best-dressed list. The singer, best known for gaudy leather and sequin concert ensembles, finished 2013 last year. But after winning her battle against breast cancer, Minogue was over the party with her elegant new style and her pale lipstick. Her new look is reportedly influenced by her handy French boyfriend, actor Olivier Martinez.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT NOTHAR

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RECOMMENDED



JACK-DROPPER: This stunning stained glass window panel from Louvre Comfort Tiffney's dining room is a must see at the Met

BOOK

A LIFE OF LUXURY

New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art is showcasing the museum and several elements of Louis Comfort Tiffney's country estate as well as some of his eclectic personal collection, ranging from ornate Indian doors to Japanese masks and West Coast native baskets. The show stops at one of the influential designer's quaternary stained glass pieces—a magnificently showy window panel from his dining room as well as panels of clear glass ones with pink-tipped cream magnolia flowers with branches peeked out in lead. All that's missing is the little blue box Tiffney made.

GADGET

PUMP UP THE VOLUME

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TV

JACK'S BACK

Remarkably fit after 10 months of torture in a Chinese prison, Jack Bauer is covered with scars but still willing to save his country.

try as series on of 10 starts on Jan. 14 (Global). After last season's post-apocalyptic, the show's again employing every Arabic speaking actor in Hollywood to fill the ranks. The pivotal character this time will be Hassan al-Assad (Syrian's Alexander Siddig)—only Jack can figure out his true reason for joining to the U.S. Patriot's Throne.

JAZZ

ROMANCING THE STRINGS

The Melody Lingers On! The grand ballad set with string orchestra that Toronto's symphonic Mike Maffei has had in mind for more than a decade. Finally, one of the city's finest jazz musicians, Mike

key has been putting his craft, expressive talent and musical soundness to work and more explicitly to the service of romantic melody in recent years. The unabashedly romantic session, recorded live at a CBC concert hall, is the logical result.

FILM

WHAT HAPPENED TO MCDREAMY?

Although Freddie Wines tells the familiar tale of the deceased teacher (Oscar winner Hilary Swank) who gives her really close, inner-city class a lesson in tolerance, Patrick Dempsey, as the famed husband, isn't a great character actor for a guy who's life rather than back his wife's all-consuming fight for justice. He's so unappealing, he'll leave behind

Cory's Anatomy face wondering what happened to his beloved McDreamy. *Sweeney Lighter*

DVD

IT'S WORTH A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

Why did the studio buy Mike Judge's futuristic comedy library, holding it up for a year and then releasing it in only a few theaters? Maybe it was Judge's better view of where our society is headed.

Mike Judge's better view of where our society is headed. Mike Judge's better view of where our society is headed. Mike Judge's better view of where our society is headed.

BOOK

SOUNDTRACK OF THEIR LIVES

Bob Sheffield's terrific little book, *Love is a Mix Tape*, is as much a love letter to his dead wife as it is a collection of the '90s and '00s music that shaped their lives together.

Some contributing editors tell the story of her wife's sudden death from a pulmonary embolism at 33 and their short life together through the music they loved and shared on carefully selected mix tapes. Each chapter begins with a track list from one of these tapes—for example, they had one for washing the dishes, filled with songs from Casey Kasem's Top 40, and another for taking a nap—which provides a soundtrack to their lives.

While Sheffield writes openly about his pain ("I would have no reason how to listen to music, and the voice of the music we'd lived together I'd never be able to hear again"), *Love is a Mix Tape* is not nearly as sad or as beautiful as written in Jane Wollman's 2005 memoir about the death of her husband, *The Year of Magical Thinking*. That said, few bookstores. That said, few bookstores. That said, few bookstores.



WILLIAM EDWARD KENNEY

1943-2007

A go-karter turned bike fiend turned sidecar racer, he could transform a piece of metal into art

William Edward Kenney was born on April 16, 1943. He and his younger brother Bob, who was born two years later, were raised in Chicago by their father Edward, a machinist on a printing company, and their mother Hazel, who worked as a seamstress. From early on it was obvious that Willy—there's what his close friends called him—inherited his father's skill for speed.

In his teens, Willy speed-drove during the winter and raced on roller skates and bicycles in the warmer months. When he was 16, he bought his first motorcycle, a Cushman, with money that he earned delivering the Chicago Tribune and the Sun Times. In his late teens he became heavily involved in go-karting. "He and our dad would build the racers," says Bob. "Even at a young age Willy showed his dirty race—wasn't regular mechanic hands; permanently darkened by the grease." Willy quickly graduated into drag racing. He and his dad regularly took their fast-informal Chevy—which could reach 300 mph on a quarter-mile track—to the drag strip. Willy was never a serious sports guy. "He had to be the winner and wanted to do it himself," says Bob.

When he was about 20, Willy enlisted in the navy, but was discharged in the left hand while driving his '37 Chevy convertible through a tough Chicago neighborhood. His thumb required therapy and he received an honorable discharge.

He married in his early 20s. He and his wife Mary had one daughter, Melissa. Drag racing was too expensive for a young family man, so he filled his free time building street cars—including a '46 Mercury and a '32 Coupe. Willy's first love, however, was motorcycles. Back then, he drove an old BMW army bike every weekend. "I was in Chicago women," says Bob. "A little crap, but he never had any problems in the street."

After divorcing Mary when he was 31, Willy drove a Sara Lee truck for a little while, but hated the economy of the same daily route. He preferred working with his hands, and decided to focus on a career as a mechanic. And, for a short stint in Portland, Ore., where he worked as a forklift mechanic, Willy was a lifelong Chicago resident. For the last 15 years, he was a mechanic for TCC Material Handling in the Chicago area.

In 1948, he met Frances White through a matchmaking service. "When he called the first time, he described himself as short, fat and bald," laughs Fran. "He was pretty accurate—but he had the biggest smile." After dating for just three months, they married. The couple became garage-sale and flea-market regulars. Willy collected antique pop bottles and pipes. "He always had a pipe in his mouth," says Fran. He had diabetes, but medication and a recent diet that cut 75 lb. off his five-foot, seven-inch 235-lb. frame helped.

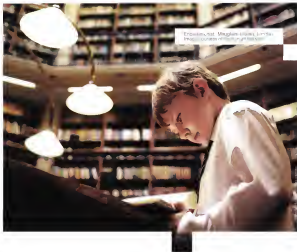
After first trying it in the 1970s, Willy developed a passion for sidecar racing—the two-person sport where the passenger in a motorcycle's sidecar shifts his weight to help the driver maintain control while taking high-speed corners. He picked it up again in the '90s, and Fran happily went along. They traveled several weekends a year—often to Canada—for races.

It was a trap race, but Willy was best known for being one of the few amateurs who built his own sidecars. "They were like show bikes," says Gary Green from Barrie, Ont., who was Willy's racing partner for five of the last seven years. "People were surprised he made them out on the track." Willy spent hours in his garage—often under the watchful eye of his bossess, Max and Willy—putting his machines race-ready. "Willy would buy them as cheap as he could," says Fran. "They didn't run them as fast, but by the time he got done with them they looked prettier and just like a piece of art."

Last fall, he bought a Yamaha FZR600 (top speed: 150 mph) from a store in England, and planned to move up the street from his tag to the much faster F1 class. "He had a slower class once but was bored," says Bob. "Like a NASCAR driver, he needed speed."

On Jan. 2, Willy came home early from work. It was a beautiful day, so the 63-year-old decided to take his new bike out for a spin in his quiet Chicago neighborhood of Nottingham Park. Willy, usually a stickler for safety, didn't put a helmet on—probably, says Bob, because he was planning a short, slow ride. But just around the corner from his house, he lost control, pumped a curb and washed into a light pole. Only the front wheel was damaged on the bike, but Willy died in the crash.

BY JOHN IVY



On the human network, a kid can rewrite the book of knowledge. Welcome to a place where an idea is created by one, tweaked by many and shared with the world. Where collaborative applications are rewriting the rules of business. And encyclopedias. One network makes this all happen. The human one. The story continues at cisco.com/humannetwork/ca.

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